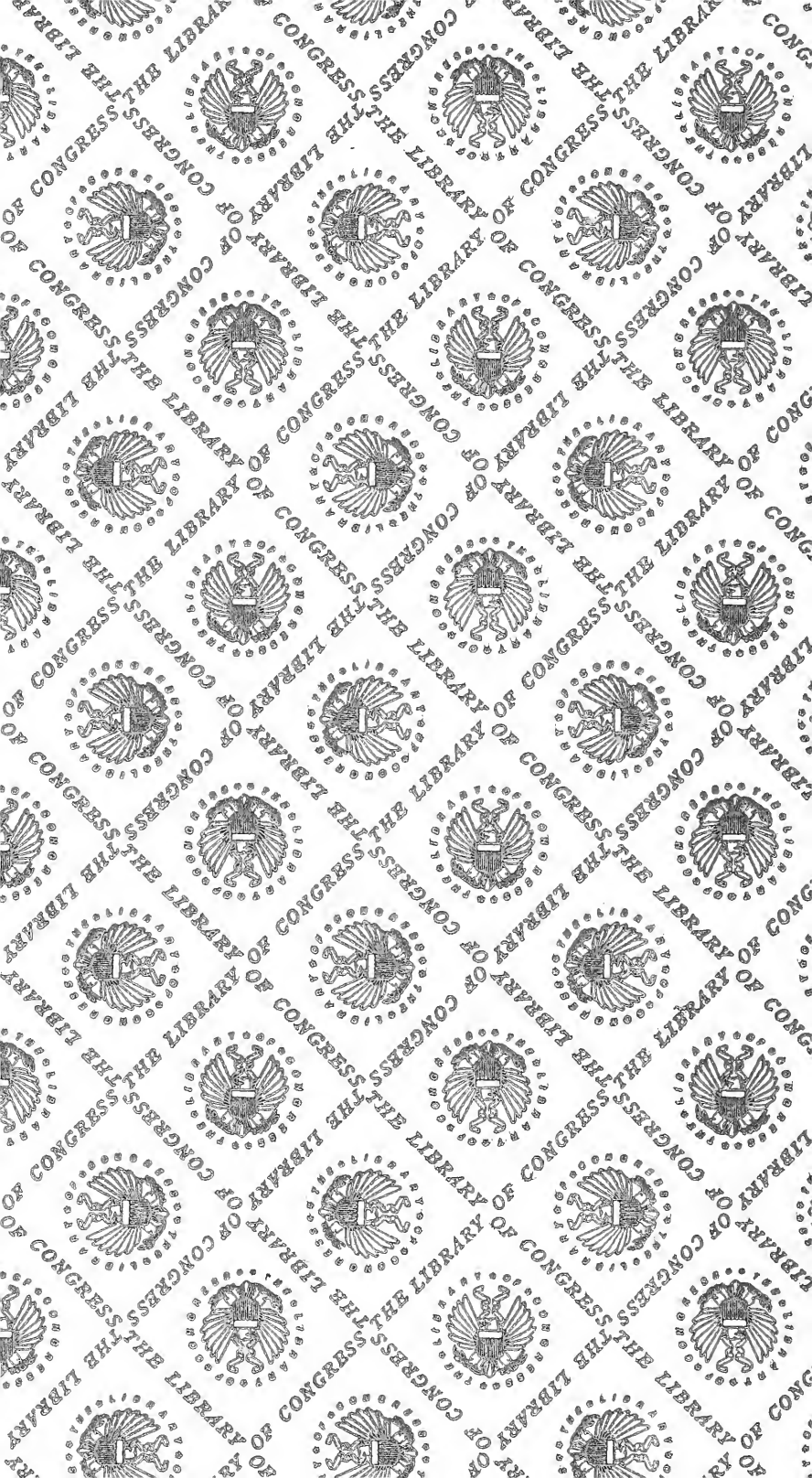
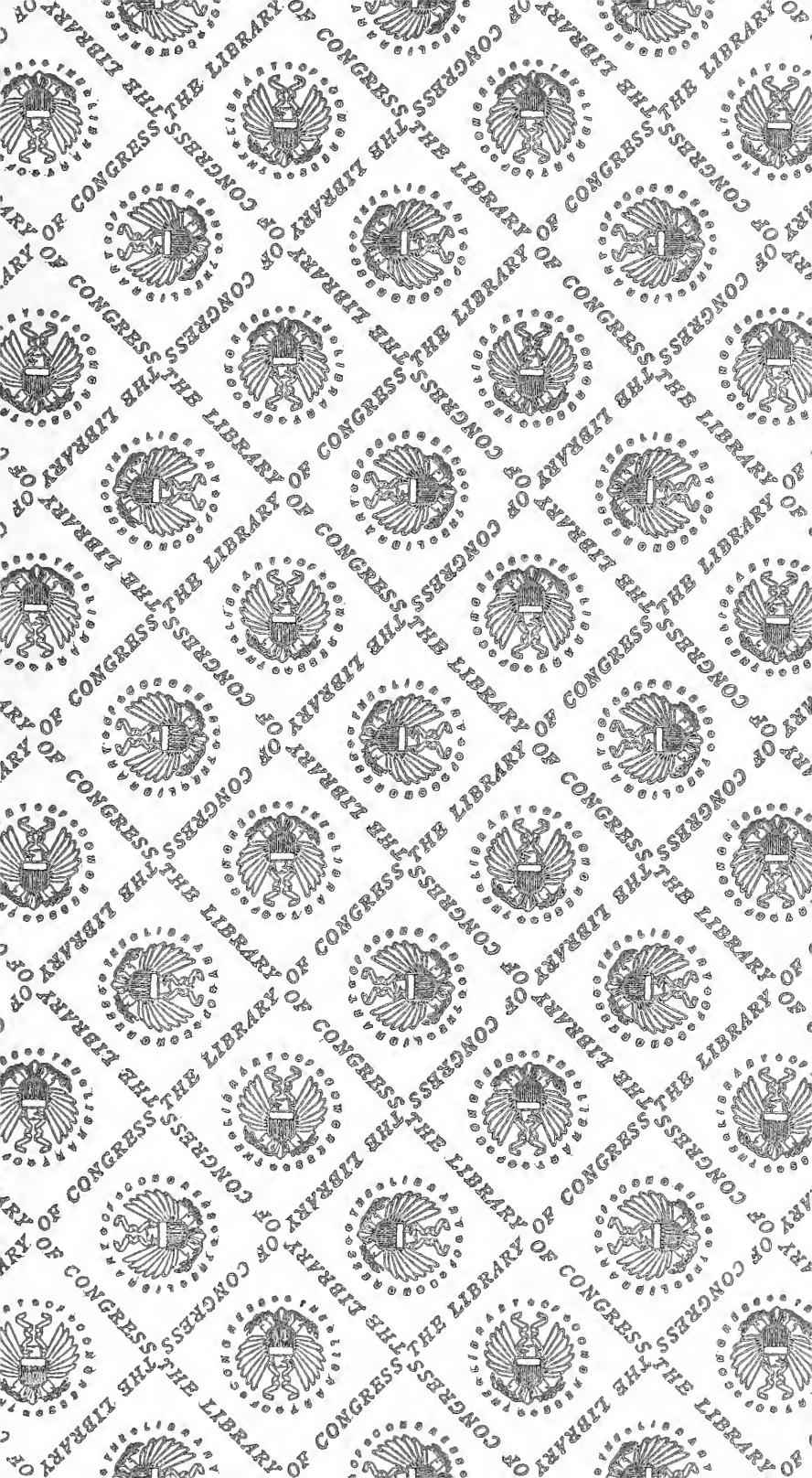


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THE

Cruise of the "Trenton,"

IN

EUROPEAN WATERS.

BY

JAMES GALLAGHER AND THOS. H. SIMMONS.

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NEW YORK:

E. O'KEEFE, PRINTER AND MANUFACTURING STATIONER,
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1881.

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THIS LITTLE WORK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
REAR-ADMIRAL J. C. HOWELL
AND THE
OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE UNITED STATES
FLAGSHIP "TRENTON."

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RECEIVED
JAN 10 1904
U. S. NAVY
DEPT. OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

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WASHINGTON

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In editing the following little work, at the earnest request of my fellow-laborer in the vineyard of naval literature, I trust that the fruits of our joint enterprise will prove acceptable to the palate of our maritime reading public. It cannot well be said that the "grapes are sour," for we have endeavored to place, so to speak, our respective bunches collectively, in the little basket (volume) now before us, at a price reasonably within the reach of all our friends and shipmates.

For the easily-flowing and graphically descriptive narratives of the "Cruise of the Trenton" we are indebted to the "pen that's mightier than the sword" of MR. JAMES GALLAGHER, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

In the line of poesy, the editor himself—(MR. THOS. H. SIMMONS, of the Engineer's Department)—has mounted his *Pegasus*, and boldly turning the screw has sought—

"Woods afresh and pastures new,"

and if, in his aerial flight, the noble beast has occasionally made some queer plunges, it is as much as we can expect from a mythological animal, and besides, a generous public always "allows a little for kicking."

To MR. JAMES B. MURPHY, of the U. S. Marine Corps, we are also indebted for very material aid in the construction of our little volume, and for the very pretty poem, entitled "To Sister"—(on receipt of her letter).

Very respectfully,

THOMAS HORACE SIMMONS.

U. S. FLAGSHIP TRENTON,
Hampton Roads, October 15th, 1881.

ODE TO THE TRENTON.

(FROM THE OLD CREW TO THE NEW.)

Shipmates dear, come gather near,
For the day is close at hand
When we shall leave these foreign shores,
Bound to our native land.

We leave behind the gallant ship
That brought us o'er the main—
Let's hope the new crew, coming out,
Her prestige will maintain.

So far away in sunny climes,
(Light breezes kiss the deep)—
At anchor, (near the shores made bold
By rugged mountains steep).

We await the "Constellation,"
She brings out another crew—
And will take us to the homes we love,
Where hearts are warm and true.

Now when we leave the "Trenton,"
You cannot but remark—
She's been our home, she was our pride,
Since first we did embark.

To save our country and our flag,
In distant foreign seas,
And display our Yankee spirit
Independent as the breeze.

You've manned her guns and spread her so,
None others could compete—
In drilling you have made her
The champion of the fleet.

You've kept her spars a'shining.
Her rigging neat and trim—
And when you lowered her boats to race,
They were always sure to win.

Remember the dauntless "Tennessee"—
Whose barge was never beat,
Until she met the "Trenton,"
When she suffered a defeat.

She came from Oriental seas—
The champion of the East.
But in the Bay of Villefranche,
Her lofty title ceased.

They displayed a silken pennant
And a golden cock—so flash—
And oars of spruce, which proved no use
Against your snow-white ash.

Which propelled along the “Oiga,”
(That was our barge’s name),
She’s the fastest boat that’s now afloat—
Chariot of our chieftain.

How oft upon the billows
At midnight, dark and drear,
When the thunder crashed—the furious gale
Sent wildest dangers near.

You have obeyed all orders promptly
From fore and aft, so clear,
Your hearts are like hers, “hearts of oak,”
They know not what is fear.

How oft her watchful captain
Has paced the deck with pride,
Whilst lightning’s flash illumined the deep
And wild waves lashed her side.

Across the broad Atlantic,
She sailed with grace and ease,
Right through the English channel,
To North and Baltic Seas.

She brought us safe to Portugal—
To Spain and Italy,
To Turkey, Greece and sunny France,
And Mediterranean Sea.

To England and to Norway,
To Belgium and Denmark—
Whose coasts are low and dangerous,
And waters deep and dark.

We’ve seen Vesuvius burning—
Illumine Naples’ Bay
And the lofty peak of Etna,
As in the clouds it lay.

We've seen the Tower of Pisa,
The ruins of Pompeii—
And been on the plains of Marathon
Where warriors met to die.

But, boys, there is no place like home,
Our fair land of liberty,
We've seen none like our clipper ships—
The fleetest on the sea.

We've seen none like our pretty girls,
With hearts so true and brave.
We've seen none like our starry flag,
The proudest on the wave.

We'll soon be where that standard
Flies from hills to valleys low—
Far on the gold Pacific shores,
From Maine to Mexico.

Her stripes are like the sunbeams,
Her stars shall never frown—
They are like the ones in Heaven above, !
No nation can haul down.

Now, in conclusion, shipmates,
I do not wish for tears,
But I expect to hear you give
Three rousing hearty cheers

For our "old ship" and the "new crew."
As the captain flies around
They answer, with three rousing ones
For the crew that's homeward bound.

"GIBRALTAR, 1879."

INTRODUCTION.

Our object in publishing this little work has been to give to our shipmates, a record of a cruise full of pleasing memories, and not altogether uneventful.

In doing so we have avoided the characteristic brevity of our predecessors in this line, and have endeavored to supply our readers with something more than a bald, dry narrative of dates of arrival and departure, population, etc.

Many of the descriptions of visits to the more important cities, and not a few of the poems contained in the following pages were published by the Author in that deservedly popular journal, the "Trenton Herald," and will no doubt be easily recognized.

Although our modest essay purports to treat of the "Trenton's" second cruise only, we fear that our labors would have been incomplete had we omitted, even briefly, to tell the history of a cruiser whose sailing and steaming qualities have won unstinted praise, and gained for her the enviable reputation of being the fastest warship afloat.

The conditions under which the work has been written were far from favorable to composition, the confusion of noises produced by the daily routine of many employments, has more than once nearly wrecked us when a storm of inspiration has been beating about our brows. We, however, persevered, and trust that, though separate and distinct, our labors will be found to form a harmonious whole.

The assistance we have received from our shipmate, J. B. MURPHY, in collecting material, and in arranging the *MS.* for publication deserves our warmest thanks.

Having said so much, we offer our joint production for perusal, trusting that the judgment which may condemn its many faults, may be pleased to accord it some little merit.

JAMES GALLAGHER.

U. S. FLAGSHIP TRENTON,
Hampton Roads, October 15th, 1881.

WE greet our kind readers with a loving and hearty
"Welcome."

The following little poem was written for the "Trenton
Herald" at Marseilles, France, October 22d, 1880.


“ W E L C O M E . ”

'Tis but a simple, little word,
Yet, how it does express
The music of the heart's best cord,
Or beauty's soft caress.

When wandering away, afar,
Among these distant climes,
That word is oft our guiding star,
In dreams of happier times.

And after many a roving year,
Our good ship speeds us home,
How cheerful, genial, ever dear,
Is the bright glad "Welcome."

THE CRUISE OF THE "TRENTON."

S most of our readers are thoroughly familiar with the "Trenton's" build it is scarcely necessary to say that she is a first-class, "second rate," and was built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Her dimensions are : Extreme length, including ram, 280 feet ; beam, 47 feet ; displacement, 3,900 tons.

Her engines are 3,500 horse power, by John Roach & Son, and were calculated to develop a speed of 14 knots. She is fitted with a steam steering apparatus and a steam windlass, in fact, all the latest improvements in Naval Architecture were adopted in her construction. Her Battery consists of eleven 8-inch rifles, six howitzers and four Hotchkiss revolving cannon. She is manned by 41 officers, and 446 men.

On New Year's day, 1876, an attempt was made to launch her, which proved a failure, the attempt was repeated a few days afterwards, and was attended with complete success. From that time until the beginning of the following year, her progress towards completion was slow. The early part of January, 1877, saw several hundreds of workmen employed on her, and it became evident that there was some urgent reason for getting her ready for sea. On the 14th February she was commissioned, and on the 6th March, with a numerous body of Navy Yard mechanics, at work, she dropped down to the Battery and took powder and shell on board, after which she proceeded to Sandy Hook, where the compasses were quickly adjusted, the workmen sent ashore, and on the 10th day of March, 1877,

"In darkness away—from New York Bay,
The 'Trenton' her wings spread wide."

Scarcely twenty-four hours had elapsed from her departure from Sandy Hook, when her engines broke down, and the remainder of the passage to Lisbon was made under sail alone. After resting a few days she proceeded to Gibraltar, where she coaled, and then started for her destination—Villefranche.

Arriving, she found the "Marion," temporarily carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Worden, awaiting her. A French Fleet and the English Iron-clad "Sultan" were also in the bay, the latter commanded by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The interval between her departure from Sandy Hook and arrival at Villefranche had not been wasted, and when, a few days after dropping anchor in Villefranche's beautiful bay, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his Brother, the Captain of the "Sultan," paid her a visit, she was in every respect in a condition to receive such distinguished guests.

War having broken out between Russia and Turkey, Admiral Worden deemed it necessary to move eastward, with a view to protect American interests. The "Trenton" got underweigh, and in five days anchored in front of Smyrna, where she remained for nearly three months.

It was leaving there she met with an adventure that has already been told in the columns of the "Trenton Herald" (our ship's little newspaper), but will bear repeating here.

We had left Smyrna some distance astern, but imagined we could hear sounds of revelry in the "Alhambra," where we had often exercised our legs to the sound of brazen music, and partaken of the cool beer, vended in that hospitable establishment.

The small fort at the entrance to Smyrna bay was close on our starboard bow, and sunset within five minutes, when we were startled by an iron messenger from a heavy gun, mounted in the front, which flew across our bows.

We at once guessed it to be a command to "bout ship," and return to our late anchorage.

The Admiral and Captain Davis were on deck when the Turkish messenger, sans-ceremony, hailed us, and the storm of indignation it caused to beat about the brow of our stern Commander was truly appalling.

The prompt energy that had often distinguished him during the late war, was strong as ever, and like a war-horse of old, he was immediately "on his mettle." The war tocsin was sounded, and "all hands" mustered at their stations ready for battle, with a quickness we have never seen equalled in an experience of many years; powder and

shell were passed up from the magazines, and guns loaded with a celerity that caused a flush of pleasure to displace the "dark-night" on the face of our Veteran Commander.

The "Trenton" proudly kept on her course, all hands devoutly hoping the summons would be repeated. It was not, however, and disappointment was legibly written on the line of every face.

Nothing but stern discipline and a strict obedience to order prevented our men from returning the fire with interest; indeed, a captain of one of the first division guns, who boasted a descent from the doughty chief—

" Who wore the collar of gold
He won from the proud invader"—

had to be almost forcibly restrained from hurling demolition at the fort.

Our good ship then continued on her pathless track, through the waters of the deep blue sea, unmolested—out into the darkness of the coming night.

"NIGHT QUARTERS AT SEA."

(A LANDSMAN'S LAMENT.)

[The following humorous poem is descriptive of the trouble undergone by a "landsmen," or recruit, who has lately joined the Naval Service, and is suddenly aroused by an energetic appeal of "fife and drum" to "all hands," in the middle of the night, to repel or attack an enemy.]

Hark! hark! what a clatter!
 What the dickens is the matter?
 'Tis the sound of fife and drum.
 I must hurry up and dress,
 For I see there's no redress;
 But I've had a short nap, by gum!

Now, if folks want to fight
 In the middle of the night,
 They must have a queer taste that way.
 As for me, I protest,
 I would much rather rest,
 And fight in the middle of the day.

Hark! there goes a gun,
 And away they all run—
 You would think they were off for a spree.
 Talk about war's alarms,
 (Here's the "Master-at-Arms"),
 And this is no fun for me.

My shirt is inside out,
 And amidst all this rout,
 My pants are on, hind part before.
 I've a notion I shall find
 That I'm all behind,
 So away I must go, galore.

My cap I've mislaid,
 And I'm very much afraid
 I can find neither sock or shoe;
 Alas, such is my fate,
 And I'm now very late—
 This delay I shall surely rue!

I was told by "Dan Burns,"
 Round my hammock three turns
 Was enough, in a case like this;
 But, as I am alive!
 I've already got *five*,
 And the bedding seems all amiss.

"Who's that man in that state,
 Crawling up so late?—
 Take his number!" an officer cries.
 Oh, here's a nice rig!
 Guess I'm good for the "brig,"*
 And the deuce only knows what besides.

* For the information of our readers who are unacquainted with the nautical phraseology of a man-of-war, we respectfully inform them that the "brig" represents the cells, or place of solitary confinement on shipboard.—(Note by Editor.)

UPON our return to Villefranche, an explanation and an apology were tendered us, of such a character as to completely satisfy our Admiral and soothe our still bristling skipper.

On the 4th July, 1877, in a regatta got up by the "Trenton" while at Smyrna, and in which the "Marion" participated, our barge beat all comers. In Villefranche she beat the famous and, till then, unconquered barge of the "Tennessee," and later walked away from the much vaunted "Richmond's" barge. At Cherbourg, in the annual regatta, she took the first prize, beating everything, including the fast boats of the French fleet. And lastly, at Villefranche, in a mile race with the French Admiral's barge, she won by three lengths. Our gig has been the victor in every contest, and at the present time has a prouder record than any gig in the navy of the United States. During the visit to Cherbourg our band played ashore on several occasions with distinguished effect; the inhabitants presenting to our bandmaster, Gerardo Satta, a silver baton, as a mark of appreciation.

We have but little more to say of this cruise. Our blue-book Captain gave us strict justice, made every man toe the mark, and allowed all the privileges he was recommended to give first-class men.

In October, 1877, Admiral Worden was relieved by Admiral Le Roy, and Admiral Howell relieved Admiral Le Roy in February, 1879.

In obedience to orders from the Navy Department, the "Trenton" proceeded to Gibraltar, where she remained till the arrival of the "Constellation," which occurred on the 3d December, 1879. Seven days later (the 10th) crews were exchanged, and the "Trenton" was prepared to begin another cruise manned by men who on the passage out had distinguished themselves by a noble heroism that risked life in the cause of humanity. While off the Azores, in a fierce gale, the "Constellation" sighted an Austro-Hungarian bark, named the "Olivo," in evident distress. Although the sea was running mountains high the "Constel-

lation" approached as near as possible, successfully lowered a boat, which made four trips to the ill-fated Austrian, rescuing the crew and captain, twelve men all told. Ensign L. K. Reynolds greatly distinguished himself on this occasion. With volunteer crews he made the last three trips, bringing off the captain and crew; and as the bark was in the direct track of vessels, and night was fast approaching, he jumped overboard from his boat, swam to and set her on fire, and again trusting himself to the waves, regained his boat, and returned to the "Constellation," bringing with him the last of the "Olivo's" crew.

The Department promptly recognized his gallant conduct, the Humane Society awarded him its gold medal, and Frank Leslie gave his likeness to the people of the United States.

On the 13th December, 1879, the "Trenton" bade good-bye to the "Constellation," turned Europa Point, entered the Mediterranean, and began her second cruise. After leaving "the rock" we shaped our course to Villefranche, where it was intended the crew should be exercised in all the drills and evolutions peculiar to a "man-of-war." A head wind and sea prevented anything like rapid progress, and it being found necessary to call at Barcelona, for coal, we put into that port on the 16th, obtained a supply, and started on the 18th, arriving at Villefranche on the 19th inst.

We at once began discharging stores brought out by the "Constellation," which occupied about three or four days; and then commenced a daily routine of drill, at which we soon became so expert that "liberty" was given frequently, and we had an opportunity to observe the chief features of the Headquarters of the United States Naval Forces on the European Station.

Villefranche sur Mer is a quaint old town, situated at the extremity of a small deep bay that is sheltered from storms by the Maritime Alps.

It is about three miles away from Nice, and only ten or twelve from Monaco, whose gilded gambling saloons are a source of immense revenue to His Highness the Prince of Monaco, and a notorious reproach to Europe.

The population of Villefranche is about 3,000. The streets are narrow, ill-paved, not over-clean, and very steep. The houses are mean, old-fashioned, and in the majority of cases dilapidated.

There is a custom-house with more than a sufficiency of officials, also a time-worn fort, with out-of-date guns, that would make but a sorry defense of the decaying dwellings constituting Villefranche, and which must have had their origin in days previous to those in which it is said "swarthy pirates" rendezvoused in the bay, A. D. 1000, or thereabouts.

Half a day's examination of the buildings, public and private, confirmed this opinion—each and every one possessing subterranean passages and apartments (?) that may have been used as dungeons, or secret stow-holes for plunder.

A period was put to our underground explorations by a great fear stealing over us that we might not be able to extricate ourselves from a labyrinth of dark, dismal and unwholesome caves under and in the rear of the Café Marina, into which a natural inquisitiveness led us.

The only industries we have been able to discover are fishing and the celestial wash-tub. Yet the place is not without dignity; it owns a mayor, and is in a three-mile proximity by road and rail to that fashionable haunt of the upper tens of Europe and America—Nice.

On the 8th day of January, 1880, a melancholy event occurred on board. John Cook, quarter-gunner, died of apoplexy. He was sixty years of age, and had spent all the years of his manhood in the army and navy of the United States. He was much esteemed by officers and men, who deeply felt his loss. His remains, covered by the national colors, remained on the half-deck till next day, when they were interred in the cemetery on shore.

We visited Nice, but as we had only a few hours to spare we saw but little of it, and shall reserve our remarks for another occasion. We remained at Villefranche until the morning of the 22d of January, 1880, when we departed for Port Mahon, arriving there the following day. We found several Spanish men-of-war in the harbor, with whom

and the officials ashore we exchanged the customary courtesies. Sail-exercise and boat-drill took place each day, after which all who desired were permitted to go on shore. We were not slow to avail ourselves of the liberty. The harbor of Port Mahon is the finest of the many bays that indent the coast of the island of Minorca, second in size of the Balearic group; it extends about five miles inland, where is situated the town of Port Mahon, capital of the island, and having a population of some 14,000, of whom about one-third are employed shoemaking. The streets of Mahon are handsome, and although cobble-paved, are easily navigable to mariners not carrying too heavy a press of sail (ale). The whitewashed walls of all the buildings give a pleasant and decidedly clean appearance to the town, which is not dispelled by a visit to either cottage, school or church; and a picturesqueness is imparted by many a dwelling that, "like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest" of rugged rocks that beetle over the sometimes ruffled waters of the bay. Minorca, seen from the sea, presents a barren appearance that is anything but inviting. It belies its looks, however, as its 300 square miles are highly cultivated, "vines clasp many a tree," and corn, beans, sweet potatoes, etc., are raised in abundance. Ores are also found in quantities that render mining profitable.

The island is not without a history. It was known to the oar-plying mariners of Carthage, whose small crafts freighted with purple and fine linen from the vats of Tyre and Sidon, and with caskets of costly gems from Indian mines, sought its shelter from storms when in search of a market; and in later days it was the chosen haunt of unbelieving corsairs and Christian (?) freebooters. During the last century it witnessed many a siege, and was frequently lost and won. In the quiet graveyards and on the hillsides of Mahon the "silent tents are spread" of many British, French and Spanish soldiers, who fell fighting for its possession. It was for permitting a force of 19,000 Spaniards to land and force a surrender upon its small garrison, in 1756, that the English Admiral Byng was tried by courtmartial, and shot at Portsmouth on the deck of the ship that had carried his flag.

In August, 1782, occurred its most memorable siege, when it was heroically defended by the high-minded and chivalrous General Murray against the combined forces of France and Spain, commanded by the Duke of Crillon. On this occasion an incident occurred that rendered illustrious the name of the gallant Murray. To avoid a tedious siege, Crillon was ordered to tempt Murray's fidelity by the offer of £100,000. The answer of the heroic defender of Mahon was worthy his noble nature: "When your noble ancestor was desired by his royal sovereign to assassinate the Duke of Guise, he returned the answer which you should have returned when the King of Spain charged you to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own or the Duke of Guise." Intrigues with the islanders enabled Crillon to capture Cindella and Fornella. The arsenal and naval stores of Mahon also fell, and he was compelled to withdraw to Fort St. Philip, at the entrance to the harbor, and finally to capitulate. The English again took the island, and held it till the peace of 1802, when it was formally handed over to Spain. We cannot close our brief notice of the once favorite rendezvous of our fleet without reciting an incident that occurred during one of the visits of the U. S. frigate "Constitution" (Old Ironsides), when she lay at anchor in the harbor of Mahon, which is familiar to every American schoolboy. The Captain's young son ascended the main rigging, and continued his way aloft till he reached the royal truck, where he stood viewing the surrounding scenery. His father having been told of the thoughtless act, came on deck with a pistol in his hand, which he deliberately pointed at his son and bade him leap into the water. Knowing that he could not return as he went, the boy unhesitatingly obeyed his father's command, reached the water in safety, from which he was quickly rescued by some of the crew. The event is commemorated in song as "The Leap for Life."

THE contrast between Villefranche and Port Mahon was so much in favor of the pleasant Spanish island, that we would have been content to remain for a longer period. It was not to be, however, Toulon demanded us, and thither we went on the 2d of February, arriving on the 3d. As the "Trenton" needed some repairs she was immediately put in dock, where she remained a couple of weeks, during which all hands were given liberty for forty-eight hours; and as the city has many attractions, it is needless to say that we went. We saw and were conquered. The inhabitants were generally very kind and attentive, and that fine body, the gendarmerie, paid us "marked attention," showing some of our men their barracks, where they received considerate treatment, until it was high time to return to the ship. Toulon is justly celebrated as the chief naval depot of France, its dockyards and arsenals are on a scale of magnificence almost without a rival. It was used as a harbor in Caesar's time. The town is situated at the head of a double bay of the Mediterranean, and rises on ground gradually ascending from the sea, and is sheltered by high mountains extending around the bay. Its fortifications are so numerous and of such strength as to justify its claim to be impregnable. During the Middle Ages the Saracens frequently sacked the town, and in the reign of Louis XII. it was found necessary to build a strong fort on the right bank of the river entrance to defend it from Barbary corsairs. In 1707 the combined English and Dutch attacked it by sea and the Duke of Savoy by land, without other results than doing considerable damage to the town. In 1793 Toulon saw some desperate fighting. At one time held by the Royalists, then by the English, and lastly by the Republicans, who, in revenge for the Royalists' surrender of the town to the British, massacred the inhabitants and appropriated their property. Since France established penal settlements the number of convicts, or, as they are generally called, galley-slaves, employed in the dockyards of Toulon has diminished to about three or four hundred, who have a hard time.

Toulon cannot be called handsome ; its streets, though well paved, are narrow and irregular, the squares, public buildings and gardens are few and without any special attraction. The population is about 100,000.

Repairs having been satisfactorily completed we left on the 28th of February for Villefranche, where we arrived next day, and as our stay lasted till the 3d April, we had many opportunities of visiting aristocratic Nice, whose healthful climate, yearly, from December to April, attracts wealthy invalids, real and imagined, besides a host of restless travelers and those who seek a second summer. Nice was formerly an episcopal city and seaport of Italy. It was ceded to France by the treaty of Villafranca, and is now the capital of the Department of the Maritime Alps. It is beautifully situated in a small plain, which it nearly covers. The waters of the Mediterranean washes its walls on the south, and on the north and east the Maritime Alps enclose it in the form of an amphitheatre—on the west it is bounded by the Paglion. The houses are modern, well and handsomely built and painted externally in fresco ; there are two noble squares, one of them surrounded by porticoes, adjacent to the other is a raised terrace which serves as a defence to the town against the sea, and is a delightful promenade, where, during the season, rank, wealth and beauty walk, ride and drive—it is well-known as the *Promenade des Anglais*. This beautiful city, with its broad, clean, well-paved streets, should be seen by all who can afford to do so ; it is full of palatial public and private hotels and boarding houses ; there are several libraries, a museum, and a cathedral in the ordinary Italian style. Its population is about 58,000, of which a great number are employed in silk, cotton and paper mills, in small manufactories of tobacco, and in leather and soap works.

On the 29th of February a subscription for the relief of the famine stricken in Ireland was started on board, officers and men contributing the handsome sum of \$406, which was forwarded to the Paris bureau of the *N. Y. Herald*.

E. P. Duffy, printer, and Bradford Scott, schoolmaster, started on the 18th March an original enterprise in the shape of a fleet newspaper, called the "Trenton Herald."

A few of our men who possess a genius for comedy, banded themselves with the object of affording amusement to their shipmates, styling themselves "The Trenton Snowflakes." They gave an entertainment on the night of the 17th March, which was eminently successful.

About this period the weather was remarkably cold and chilly, even sunny Nice and the beautiful Bay of Villefranche were touched by light and airy snowflakes, and as you walked along the upper road from the bay to the beautiful city of Nice, the snowy peaks, and soft bloom like haze enveloping the Maritime Alps, bore testimony to the inclemency of the weather.

The crisp and beautiful snow lying around the mountain slopes in calm and picturesque beauty, reminded us of happy days gone by, which we have endeavored to illustrate in the following little poem :

A SLEIGH RIDE.

A TRENTON "SNOWFLAKE'S" VISION.

Hurrah for a ride !
A merry sleigh ride !
At racing pace we go,
With a thoro'-bred team
And love's young dream
O'er the crisp and sparkling snow.

My partner sweet
Has her dainty feet
Enrobed in furs, I trow ;
With soft caress
Her hand I press
As we glide o'er the frozen snow.

We talk at ease
And sometimes tease,
Make up, and make love, you know ;
May our path through life
Be free from strife.
And pure as the spotless snow.

Over hills and dells
The clear sleigh bells
Make music soft and low ;
Each field and farm
Has a separate charm,
Enhanced by the calm white snow,

All danger's past
We're home at last,
Our eyes and cheeks aglow ;
Oh, pleasure rare !
That can compare
With a ride on the beautiful snow.



ON the 21st March our gig added another victory to her long roll of triumphs by beating a beautiful six oared "lap-streak" belonging to the English Yacht "Enchantress."

The boats met, under the "Ram's" bows, at 4 p. m., to decide their merit, their crews looking the picture of health, and exciting general admiration by their splendid condition.

It was evident, to judge the light in their eyes, as they examined each other, that they were strongly imbued with—

"The stern joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Lieut.-Commander C. V. Gridley acted as starter, and Mrs. Colonel Williams, wife of the owner of the "Enchantress," assisted by Flag-Lieut. F. H. Paine, as judge.

At the first attempt, a magnificent start was effected, both crews taking the water together, the "Trenton" pulling a stroke of 32, and the yachtmen 34 to the minute, which was kept up without any apparent advantage till the stake boat had been rounded when it was seen that the "Trenton's" had gained a lead of a couple of lengths.

The yachtmen, however, did not seem inclined to submit and worked up to 36 strokes, in good style, reducing the distance between the boats. It was of no avail, and despite their thoroughly game effort they never got level, and our boys came home, winners, by about a length.

Both crews were loudly cheered from our rigging, and by crowds assembled along the shore. Our gigsmen got twenty-four hours liberty, and the first use they made of it was to invite their gallant opponents to share it with them.

In consequence of declining health, our Captain (H. V. Wilson), who in a short time had gained the affection of officers and men, was detached; and returned to the United States, on the 24th inst., accompanied by Lieut. H. G. O. Colby, of Admiral Howell's personal staff, and Cadet Midshipmen B. C. Dent and T. S. Rogers.

On the 31st a reception was given by Admiral Howell and the Officers, which was the gayest ever seen in the Port.

It was a decidedly brilliant affair, and attracted the youth, beauty and fashion of Nice. Dancing began soon after 1 P. M. and lasted till 6 P. M.

On the first day of April, 1880, Captain Walter W. Queen, arrived on board, and reported to Admiral Howell.

We were just about to unmoor ship, but delayed departure to enable our new Commander to obtain his luggage from the railway depot.

The next morning, all hands were called to muster, and the departmental order appointing Captain Queen to the "Trenton" was read. At 9 A. M. on April 4th we started for Naples, and in 35 hours came to on the port anchor in its beautiful bay.

We had excellent views during the trip of Monaco, perched on its mighty rocks ; of Corsica, birth-place of the great Napoleon, and of Elba, the place of his exile after the decisive defeat of Leipsic, and from which he escaped with a small following in March, 1815, landing near Canues, France. His after doings, until the catastrophe of Waterloo, will be found in the chronicle of "The Hundred Days." We must not omit Monte Christo, which Dumas, Sen'r, has rendered famous.

On the 6th inst. we moored inside the Breakwater, where we had a magnificent view of smoking Vesuvius, and of the green shores that bound the lovely Bay of Naples, or as many style it, "The Queen of the Mediterranean."

Naples is a city and seaport of Southern Italy. It is situated on the north coast of the Bay of Naples, and is within a few miles of Mount Vesuvius, and not far from the sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

It is connected by rail with Rome, distant 118 miles. The population is about 500,000.

Naples has long been regarded as one of the most interesting cities of Europe. Its public buildings, palaces and promenades, are justly celebrated. There are three castles within the city—surrounded by streets and houses. There are about 1,400 streets, including all the main avenues ; they are generally straight and paved with large blocks of lava, but only the most important have sidewalks ; they are lighted with gas, as are most of the houses, the majority of which are tenement, and have a variety of occupants.

The Strada de Toledo, which is the main thoroughfare, was built in the 16th century by Pedro de Toledo, and divides mediæval Naples from the new city. This street contains the principal stores.

There are only a few squares or public places, some of them are decorated with fountains and statuary. The fashionable promenade is the Villa Reale, to which the lower classes are only admitted on the festival of Santa Maria di Pirdigortta. It is 5,000 feet long and 200 feet wide, and planted chiefly with evergreens, oaks and acacias.

It was first laid out in 1780, enlarged in 1807, and about one quarter added in 1834. The early part is in the Italian style, and the added, chiefly imitation of English landscape-gardening. It contains two temples dedicated to Virgil and Tasso, and very many winding paths and grottos. The Molo is to the masses of the people what the Villa Reale is to the beau-monde ; it is described as "an epitome of the town, which exhibits most of its humors."

Naples possesses more than three hundred churches, the principal being the Gothic Cathedral, which retains little of its early character, except its towers. It was begun at the end of the 13th century, and completed at the beginning of the 14th. The facade was destroyed by an earthquake in the middle of the 14th century, but was rebuilt in 1407, and modernized in 1788. It contains the tombs of many noted personages.

Amongst them Charles the I. of Anjou ; Charles Martel, and his wife, Clementia, of Hapsburg ; King Andrew of Hungary, and Pope Innocent the Fourth.

The paintings and works of art to be seen in the churches of Naples are valued at a fabulous sum, amongst them are many by the most famous of the old masters.

There are about 60 charitable institutions, one of them capable of accommodating 5,000 persons.

The greatest glory of Naples is its museum. It contains sixteen collections, comprising, on the ground floor, ancient frescoes, mosaics and mural inscriptions, Egyptian antiquities, ancient sculptures, inscriptions, the Toro Turnese, and bronzes. On the staircase, ancient glasses, pottery, etc.

Up-stairs, the papyri, gems, medals and coins, bronzes, vases, paintings, and the library.

The collection of ancient frescoes, contains upwards of 1,600 specimens, found at Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The principal antiquities are the Catacombs, which are of greater extent than those of Rome. The suburbs abound in celebrated relics of antiquity, but the city itself contains but few.

Naples claims to be of Phœnician origin, but it is generally considered to have been originally a Greek city—and colony of Cumæ.

It has a warlike history well worth perusing, and, more than any other Italian city, retains its Greek culture and classic institutions. Many of Rome's noblest children were educated there.

In common with all our shipmates, we spent on this occasion forty-eight hours pleasant liberty in Naples, during which we drove out to Pompeii and Herculaneum. We remained there till the 10th, when departure was taken for Alexandria, at which port we arrived on the 15th.

As soon as we got permission, we availed ourselves of a long-wished for opportunity to view the ruins of the once capital of Egypt. The moment we leaped ashore we were surrounded by a crowd of vociferating Arabs, brandishing dirty documents—which we afterwards learned were anything but reliable recommendations. With difficulty we extricated ourselves from the mob—not, however, to escape altogether, as one young man pertinaciously clung to us, insisting on the impossibility of getting along without him. He was smaller and not so ferocious looking as the others, so we accepted him as the lesser evil, and were quickly astride of small but mettled donkeys, whose pace was far from equaling our eagerness.

Alexandria was founded B. C. 332, by Alexander the Great. Dinocratus, who built the temple of Diana at Ephesus, was the architect. For three centuries after its foundation Alexandria was the great commercial emporium of the world, and the chief seat of Greek learning. It contained 400 theatres, 4,000 public baths, and 4,000 palaces, many temples, and several libraries, one of which contained 700,000 books. On several occasions the city suffered the extreme horrors of war. It was taken by Julius Cæsar B. C. 47, and fell permanently under the dominion of Rome B. C.

30. The decline began when the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople. In A. D. 340, it was taken by the Saracen Caliph Omar, who destroyed the great library. In 1497 the discovery of the route to India by the Cape completed its decay, and the city that in size, magnificence and population, had almost rivalled imperial Rome, dwindled away till its ruins sheltered but 5,000 inhabitants—the restoration of the overland route has again kindled commercial enterprise. The new city has a population of 250,000, of whom 50,000 are Europeans, who inhabit a quarter containing several spacious streets, fine houses and fashionable stores. The other parts of the city retain the distinctive features of all eastern cities—narrow streets, fleas and dirt.

After passing through the new city we sighted the celebrated Pompey's pillar, and urging forward our diminutive steed, charged up the hillock upon which it stands. It is 112 feet high, nine feet in diameter, of red granite, with a Corinthian capital, and is sixteen centuries old. It was erected by Pompeius, Roman prefect, to commemorate the Emperor Diocletian's gift of corn to the city during a famine. We next visited the Catacombs; they are the vast ruins of a city of the dead from which the mummies have been removed. From there we rambled to the Khedive's garden, which we found was not much more than a wilderness of neglected trees and flowers. No trace is left of the palace of Ptolemy, where Cleopatra and Antony loved and revelled, and where Cæsar, after conquering the city, was himself subdued by the charms of the Egyptian Queen. Returning to the ship, we saw lying in a dock, ready for shipment to the United States, the last of the famous Cleopatra needles. It is an obelisk weighing more than sixty tons, and is covered with inscriptions; it was executed 3,000 years ago, when it was worshiped as a symbol of the sun and emblem of stability, and brought by the Ptolemy from Heliopolis to adorn Alexandria.

Although disappointed in our expectations of finding immense ruins, "colossal busts and columns trophied for triumphant show," we shall long remember this visit to the monument of the conqueror who wept because there were no more worlds to subdue. We left Alexandria April the

24th, and pursued a course nearly North across the Mediterranean and through the Archipelago with its many islands, amongst which was Rhodes, whose story historians have told and will continue to tell in every language. Patmos, where St. John wrote the Revelations, and from which he was banished by Dometian for preaching the gospel; Samos, the birthplace of Juno; Phythagoras, and for a long time the residence of Herodotus, who there composed a large part of his great history. We also passed Scio's lovely isle, which at one time was the richest and most prosperous island in the Archipelago.

About noon on the 29th April, we anchored in front of Smyrna, Turkey. This city is, and for centuries has been, the most important in Asia Minor; its population amounts to 180,000, composed of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and a sprinkling of Europeans. The streets are very narrow, tortuous and dirty; the houses present a squalid, miserable appearance—except those inhabited by Europeans. Its commerce is chiefly managed by English, German, French and Italians. Figs are the principal product, and exported in great quantities.

Smyrna is said to be the birthplace of Homer; it is also said that in a certain grotto, which the guide did not fail to point out, he composed a part of the Iliad. It may be true, but we doubt it. It is, however, a well-known fact that Byron composed one of the cantos (*Childe Harold*) in Smyrna.

Christianity early took root and flourished, though not until Polycarp, the first bishop, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the inhabitants. His tomb is still to be seen. We did not much admire Smyrna. The street navigation is not easy, and has to be done on the back of "a franc-an-hour donkey." Ephesus is within easy distance by rail, and was visited by several of the officers and men.

We departed from Smyrna May the 5th, and on the following day dropped anchor close to the island of Tenedos, where the Greeks hid themselves until the Trojans were lulled into a false security that made them an easy prey to their cunning enemies. We paid the shore a visit, and found a collection of ruinous huts and houses, whose inner acquaintance it was not considered advisable to make.

Yet Tenedos was once a place of note, where sports must have flourished, for we are told that it was "steed nourishing," also that Priam had a racing stable there. We are indebted to a traditionary source for the latter, and will not vouch for it. Some of our officers paid a visit to the site of ancient Troy, about sixteen miles distant. They saw all that Dr. Schlemann had so far succeeded in unearthing (which is not much), though it is enough to establish beyond all doubt the site of the city of Priam, where Hector, noblest hero of the *Iliad*, fell by the hand of vengeful Achilles.

We steamed away from Tenedos on the morning of the 11th, up the entrance of the Dardanelles, which is defended by two stout castles—one on the European and the other on the Asiatic shore. We came to an anchor about 10 o'clock A. M., off Chanak Kelessi, a Turkish village, inhabited by Jews and Turks. It was here that Leander and Byron swam the Hellespont.

May the 13th we bouted ship, and made the best of our way back through the Archipelago, and did not drop anchor till we arrived off Piræus. We went ashore as soon as duty would permit, and are free to confess that we enjoyed this visit more than any we have yet made.

Piræus is a busy, bustling little town, with a population of 7,000, and presents quite a prosperous appearance. It is the port of Athens, and has communication by road and rail with that city. Our time being limited to a few hours, we did not stay to examine its antiquities, but at once proceeded in search of a conveyance to carry us to Athens. The search did not occupy more than a couple of minutes. We hailed a passing four-wheeler, which we unhesitatingly chartered, and were soon free of Piræus, rattling over the seven-mile road separating us from the greatest city of antiquity. The gift of an extra franc to our charioteer induced such a turn of speed as might well excuse us for imagining our steeds were "shod with fire." They seemed to enter into the spirit that prompted the extra franc, extending themselves in gallant style, and raising a cloud of dust that almost hid the "corn fields green and sunny vines" that cover the Attic plain. In half an hour we alighted in front of the palace, where, in recognition of his eminent service, we conferred freedom on the jehu who had so skillfully coached us.

Athens was founded by Cecrops, 1556 B. C., on the immense rock known as the Acropolis. In 1384 B. C. the Cecropians were supplanted by the Hellenes, a tribe that, it is supposed, came from the east. A few centuries later the rock was forsaken, and the city spread out beneath it far over the plain. The citizens were eminently free, every industry was encouraged without restriction, and the lowliest labor deemed honorable. The result was a prosperity that enriched the people. Arts and sciences grew luxuriantly, and the city that sprang into existence on the top of an isolated rock became the mother of civilization, fruitful parent of statesmen, warriors, philosophers, orators, poets and artists, illustrious for all time. The rocky platform of her early years became her fortress, a very tower of strength, which the superstition, patriotism and genius of her sons crowned with the noblest works of art. The modern city has a population of 50,000, and contains many fine buildings, notably the king's palace, the museum, cathedral and university. Most of the antiquities are on and around the Acropolis, and thither we directed our steps. Ascending the west side, we entered the Propylæum, which in ancient days was both gate and defense. It is of Pentelican marble; the staircase is seventy-six feet, and although in complete ruins, enough still remains to attest the genius of its architect. The Pinacotheca next attracted our attention; it is supposed to have been a picture gallery. We paused long before the Temple of Victory, every stone and figure recalling the glories of Marathon and Salamis. Our greatest pleasure was in viewing the colossal remains of the Parthenon, dedicated to Minerva. It was built by Pericles 556 B. C.; the artist was Phidias, most renowned of sculptors. It covered an area of 233 by 102 feet, and numbered 125 pillars of pure marble, each 6 feet 2 inches in diameter. More than forty are still to be seen. The height of the building from its base is sixty-five feet. Its chief treasures were carried away by Lord Elgin and deposited in the British Museum, and are now the most valued relics in that institution. Looking down from the Parthenon, we saw at a short distance a large rock—it was Mars Hill. We hastened to it, and mounting its sixteen steps stood upon the summit. It also bears the name of Areopagus,

from being the court where civil and criminal causes were tried. Its sittings were held in the dead of night, on the bare rock, without other canopy than the starry heavens. Sitting down, we fell into a reverie that carried us across the dark gulf of two thousand years to the shores of the first century. We saw St. Paul in Athens, followed by a multitude, approach this very rock, and from its midst reason with the men of Athens on their superstitions, which reared "temples made with hands." It was an eloquent sermon, we may well believe, for more than one of his hearers was convinced. Dionysius erected a small chapel on the spot where the great apostle stood, to commemorate his conversion. A few of its stones may still be seen.

The Temple of the Winds, the great theatre, with its seats tier above tier cut in the solid rock of the Acropolis, and which is said to have accommodated 30,000 spectators; the Theseum, Socrates' lantern, in good preservation; also the dungeon in which he was confined, and where he drank the cup of fatal hemlock from the hands of his weeping jailor; and many other objects of interest which our space will not permit us to describe, complete the catalogue of antique relics which we saw.

About 250 of the "Trenton's" crew participated in the pleasures of this visit. Many of them could be seen during the early hours of the day standing on the top of the lofty pillars of the Parthenon, acting as guides to their approaching comrades. The knowledge they displayed of Grecian history, and of the monumental landmarks of Athens' palmy days, speaks well for the excellence and superiority of our school system.

We left Piræus May 18, and arrived at Palermo, Sicily, on the 20th inst., after passing through the Straits of Messina, a fine view of Mt. Etna, 11,000 feet above the sea level. As we entered Palermo bay we had a splendid view of the city, with its back-ground of lofty hills. Palermo is well and handsomely built, and possesses many noble streets and buildings, public and private. It has seen troublesome days. The Arabs, by conquest, became masters in A. D. 831, the Normans in 1072, and the French in 1266. In 1280 a general rising of the inhabitants took place, and the French were expelled after their garrison had been massa-

cred. Historians love to term the exploit "the Sicilian Vespers." A revolution, headed by Garibaldi, overthrew the Bourbon dynasty, 1860, and the kingdom was added to Sardinia. For many years it has not been safe to travel far beyond the city limits, as the country is infested with villainous bandits, who lay in wait for rich travelers whom they hold till ransomed.

We departed for Villefranche on the 23d, arriving there after a fine run on the 25th. Our Admiral did not permit us to idle away the time while we remained; he gave us a thorough inspection, and we are proud to know that we acquitted ourselves satisfactorily. On the 31st of May the boats crews were exercised in a scrub race—including the boats of the "Wyoming" and "Nipsic." The gig, cutter and dinghy of the "Trenton," and the "Wyoming's" whale-boat were winners.

The crew of the "Wyoming's" dinghy were not satisfied with the beating our boat gave them, and asked for another, which was promptly granted. Messrs. G. Jardine, coxswain, W. C. Nickels, A. R. Gunning, P. Mullady, J. Krank, in our dinghy, made such short work of them in the second race, that they have not been heard of since.

About this time our Admiral's handsome Whitehall ("Rays"), of which Sam Gardner is coxswain, enabled F. Matz to score a victory against time in a race to the light-house and back.

THE SILVER THAW.

THIS good! You tell about a night,
That's slippery and raw,
I never shall forget the fright
Caused by a silver thaw.

While "we" lingered on the threshold,
With a parting word for all,
I nearly missed my foothold
As I heard a woodpile fall.

Alas, it was no pile of wood,
But my own charming maid—
And on the ice where she had stood,
She now, full length, was laid.

I sprang quickly to assist her,
She jumped up before I could;
My loving arms they missed her
As my head it struck the wood.

But then, by sudden transfer,
As if no time to waste,
My legs flew out, encircling her,
Quite nicely, round the waist !

She tugged and screamed, but down we fell
Amongst the ice and snow,
She had best falling—I could tell,
For I found out below.

As soon as we could get unmixed
And right ourselves again,
We saw how badly we were fixed
Through silver thaw and rain.

Once more we started, homeward bound.
“Cheer up,” said I, “dear Sally”—
Got no reply, turned quickly round—
She'd vanished in an alley.

I then essayed to pull her out:
She dragged me in instead;
So very slippery was the route,
We could not go ahead.

The “corner people” let us in,
And out at their front door,
They seemed to think it “rather thin”
About their icy floor.

We did not care, but off we went
As merry as could be,
To reach our homes was our intent,
And end this tiresome spree.

The looked-for door we hailed at last,
I tried my best to knock—
My feet from under me flew fast,
Away I went—full shock.

I bore down on poor Sarah,
Who gave a scream and fell.
I didn't mean to scare her,
But her weight ! Oh, can't I tell !

Her mother to the window came,
And soon got a clothes line,
Into her house she towed my flame,
And I slid home to mine.



OUR troupe of comedians gave an entertainment deserving praise, in which were many humorous hits and good songs, the band coming in for a share of the applause heartily bestowed. We have been frequently ashore in Villefranche during the past ten days, and are fast becoming reconciled to its steep, uneven, winding streets. We have made several pleasant acquaintances, to whom we are indebted for many kind attentions during our frequent rambles ashore, and when "all hands unmoor ship" was shrilly piped, we were inclined to envy the "Wyoming" which we were about to leave behind.

The evening of the 6th of June, 1880, saw us depart for Marseilles, where we arrived the following morning. General liberty was given, and the crew went ashore in watches for forty-eight hours. Marseilles is a thoroughly cosmopolitan city that owes its origin to the Greeks of Asia Minor, who, B. C. 600, established a colony that soon became very important. Its independence was lost in B. C. 49, when

"From their sunny home
The Roman eagles came."

It was roughly treated by Visigoths and Franks, and in the tenth century was destroyed by the then all powerful Saracens. It was rebuilt ere the close of the century. In 1218 it again became independent, but in 1481 it fell to France, but was allowed to retain its greatest privileges, which were kept till 1660, when Louis XIV. cancelled them. In 1720 a fearful plague ravaged the city, sweeping away 50,000 inhabitants. It was severely punished by the first revolution for its unswerving fidelity to the throne.

Marseilles is the most important commercial port in the Mediterranean. Many of the streets are beautiful promenades, lined with stately trees; the cafes and restaurants are on a magnificent scale—scarcely surpassed by those of Paris; the houses are lofty, and resemble those of the capital. Many public buildings adorn this fine city; the most attractive is the Palais de Longchamp, containing a rare

collection of works of art. On the Rue Saix is an arc de triumphe, commemorating the battles of Austerlitz, Marengo, Fleurus and Heliopolis.

Admiral Howell and his flag lieutenant, F. H. Paine, left us in Marseilles, to rejoin in Flushing.

After breakfast, June 13th, the "Trenton" extricated herself from the dock where she had lain for the past week, and headed for Gibraltar. We did not leave Marseilles without a pang of regret. We sighed as we called to mind the beautiful Cafe Ture on the Rue Cannebier, where, in company with "Turbanned Turk," picturesquely attired Greek and lively Italian, we were treated to iced elixirs by gravely courteous officers of that mirrored establishment, arrayed in the simple uniform of their corps—piccadilly collars, swallow-tailed coats, snowy napkins and aprons. By a mighty effort we banished melancholy, and took a farewell look at the barren islets, sheltering the entrance to the bay, upon one of which is the famous Chateau d'If, where Mirabeau was imprisoned, and from which Monte Christo's hero escaped.

The amphitheatric hills, upon whose gradually sloping sides are olive gardens and vineyards, and which are dotted with no less than 6,000 country residences, were lost sight of as our good ship darted through the sunlit sea. We were favored with delightful weather. Stone Calpe was sighted, Europa Point rounded, and anchor let go in front of Gibraltar's armed rock at 3 P. M. on the 16th. On the evening of the 17th we sailed away, nothing occurring of interest worthy these pages, except that when in latitude of Lisbon our good ship ran into a pacific shoal of "fin-backs," which our semi-monthly "Herald" declared were whales, disporting themselves as if they apprehended no harm from their strange visitor."

We arrived at Falmouth, England, on the 29th, and as soon as a pilot could be obtained we continued up the channel, passing in succession the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth and Beachy Head. The weather set in foggy, and we were compelled to feel our way the remainder of the distance to Deal.

Off Hastings, where, in 1056, Norman William conquered

and killed Saxon Harold, we got a pilot, who took us to an anchorage off Deal, just twelve days from Gibraltar.

Deal is one of the Cinque ports, and the warden's official residence is Walmer Castle, Deal, where the "Iron Duke" of Wellington died in 1852. We left Deal at 7 p. m., June 30, and anchored in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland, July 1st, where our Admiral and Flag Lieutenant joined us.

Flushing is a neat, well-ordered, Rip-Van-Winkleish little fortified town of Holland, at the the mouth of the River Scheldt. It is composed of about a dozen streets. The houses are neat and trim, the few public buildings are substantial structures, but are without any special claims to beauty of architecture. There is a Board of Admiralty and dockyards capable of much improvement. The memory of the famous Admiral De Reyher is preserved by a handsome monument. A very necessary lighthouse and an observatory are the only other buildings worthy of note. We remained four days, which, as we were exposed to rain, fog, and a heavy sea swell, was, as all hands considered, quite long enough. We did not leave, however, till we had celebrated the glorious 4th of July. Our good ship was dressed in a manner worthy the occasion. Dining tents were rigged the whole length of the gun deck, both sides, which was done by a neat arrangement of the many-colored bunting of European nationalities. The caterers of messes vied with each other as to who should provide a feast worthy a patriotic stomach; the consequence was a display of eatables such as we have read of in old chronicles of knightly banquets in baronial halls. Our band, which on this occasion played only national airs, contributed not a little to the day's enjoyment. The flame of patriotism burned brightly, till extinguished at 10 p. m. by the "pipes" of Winchester, Davis, Carroll, McLean and Crouther, the inexorable mates of our esteemed boatswain.

July 5th the pilot took us up the Scheldt, to Antwerp. All hands obtained liberty in this port, many getting furloughs of seven or eight days. So far, we may safely say that in none of the cities we have visited has liberty been so thoroughly enjoyed. The inhabitants, many of whom speak English, have treated our men with great kindness,

and we shall not soon forget the pleasure we derived from our visit to Belgium's famous mart.

Antwerp is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, 26 miles distant from Brussels, and 32 from Ghent. It is a very ancient city, and has known stormy days. In the sixteenth century its fame as the centre of European commerce had spread over the civilized world. An idea of its then commerce may be had from the fact that as many as 2,500 ships have been counted in its harbor; the population at that time numbering 200,000. In 1576 the Spanish plundered and burned it. In 1585 the Prince of Parma laid siege to it, and, after a long and heroic defense, carried it by an overwhelming assault. In 1794 it fell to France. In 1832, after the Belgian revolt, it was retaken, after a memorable siege by the French Marshal Gerard. It is now a highly important commercial city, having regular and frequent steam communication with England and our own country. It manufactures cottons, silk, lace, carpets, hats and cutlery; there are also sugar refineries and ship-yards. Its inland commerce is very great, and its trade in hides is said to be greater than that of any city in Europe.

In shape the city resembles a bow, the walls representing the semicircle and the river the cord. The fortifications are said to be perfect, and, including a pentagonal citadel built by the Duke of Alba, in 1567, are two and three-quarter miles long. The population is estimated to be 180,000. There are many handsome streets in Antwerp, including a noble boulevard. The houses are of ancient, solid structure; the public buildings and churches would be worthy ornaments of a much greater city; the cathedral, a fine Gothic structure, begun at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and not completed till its close, deserves notice; its spire is 402 feet high, and its top may be reached by toiling up 622 steps; the walls are adorned by pictures of the old Flemish masters, including very valuable ones by Rubens and Van Dyck.

During our stay entertainments were given us on the quarter-deck by some minstrels of the Jarret & Palmer troupe, which we heartily enjoyed, and rewarded by a subscription amounting to \$150.

On the 24th, after a sojourn of three weeks, we departed for Flushing, where we arrived in about five hours, remaining two days, when we got under way for Gravesend.

THE SAILOR BOY'S APPEAL TO HIS SISTER AND BROTHER.

"Do they think of me at home?"

DEAR Annie, one would hardly think
That either you or Fred
A brother had, so far away—
One might as well be dead.

'Tis now six months since last I wrote
A letter, good and true,
Full of kind words and loving thoughts,
Expressly all for you.

And in that time no cheering word
Has come back in reply,
Though every day I've looked for one,
And on you did rely.

When we were young it was not so,
We loved each other well;
The reason *why* you do not write
I wish to me you'd tell.

Although I am in distant lands,
Among these foreign climes,
I think of Fred and you each day,
And all our happy times.

Some pretty presents I have stored
Most carefully away,
To bring you home, and please you both,
On some bright happy day.

And then I have so much to tell
Of places I have seen;
(Sights full of interest, you know,)
Where you have never been.

But now you never write to me;
I don't know what to think!
Unless, as it would seem to be,
That from my love you shrink.

So now I send these parting lines,
Albeit, they are few;
I do not mean to write again
Until I hear from you.

WE arrived off Gravesend about six P. M. the same day, and found the "Wyoming" awaiting our arrival. We remained till the 15th August. Liberty was given every day during our stay, and as many of the crew had relatives residing in either England, Ireland or Scotland, whom they wished to visit, furloughs were kindly granted by our Captain, with permission to draw from the paymaster the necessary funds, which in no case amounted to less than a month's pay.

We received the best of treatment from the inhabitants of this ancient and important borough. In no place yet visited have officers or men been the recipients of so many courtesies and real kindness. Our officers were literally overwhelmed with invitations to pic-nics, dinners, &c. We also got *our* invitations and spent as much time ashore as necessary duties on board would permit.

Every afternoon our decks were crowded with respectable visitors, with whom we were soon on friendly terms and doing our best to make their visit something to be remembered.

The freedom of the various clubs was tendered our officers, and the corporation entertained them with a dinner whose courses were almost countless. London, but an hour distant, was visited by all, and as many of its wonders seen as the time at our disposal would permit.

Gravesend is a municipal borough of Kent, twenty-one miles from London, and is situated on the right bank of the Thames; of its public buildings, the town hall is worthy of notice; the principal, or as the town's folk call it, "Old Church," is a venerable structure, containing the remains of Pocahontas; the chief ornament and attraction of the town is the celebrated Rosheville gardens, where in fine weather thousands of Londoners seek recreation. Early on the morning of the first of August, the Dory "Little Western," towed by a tug, passed up the river, on its way to London. The crew of two men, Thomas and Norman, well known to many of us as shipmates during the "Trenton's" first cruise, waved their hats to us as they passed. All hands were delighted to catch a glimpse of these ven-

turesome mariners, who, in an open boat no bigger than our dinghy, in forty-three days crossed the stormy Atlantic. We gave them a cheer that must have awakened many a sleeper in the quaintly gabled dwellings ashore. A few days afterwards they paid us a visit, and related the story of their adventures. Among the many distinguished visitors to the "Trenton" were some Lords of the Admiralty, who, on leaving, expressed the opinion that the "ram" was a perfect type of a fast cruiser.

Our ward-room officers frequently entertained guests, and their caterer, Captain P. C. Pope, had a busy time, "on hospitable cares intent."

At 6 p. m. Sunday, the 15th August, we departed, and many a regretful eye lingered on the old-fashioned little town, where we had enjoyed so many pleasures, as the "Trenton," gracefully as a yacht, swung round and slowly steamed down England's world-famed highway of commerce. A few hours and we were clear of the river and running along the shores of fertile Kent, passing one after the other the white-faced cliffs of Deal, Dover, Dungenness, Brighton and Beachy Head. As night came upon us we passed warlike Portsmouth, that had sent from out her haven many a proud fleet, and that still preserves with jealous care the now venerable "liner" that in her day of pride led the weather column at Trafalgar, and bore Nelson to his last triumph and to death. Next day we entered Southampton water, where we found the "Quinnebaug" quietly awaiting us. We anchored close to her and abreast of that extensive and noble pile, Netley Hospital. We had many distinguished visitors. On the 19th Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris (daughter of our illustrious soldier and ex-President, Genl. Grant), accompanied by Mr. Bessemer, son of steel-famed Bessemer, and friends, were guests. On the 20th America's distinguished scholar, the Hon. James Russell Lowell, Minister to England, accompanied by Mr. Nadin, Secretary of Legation, and our Consul at Southampton, Mr. Thompson, dined with Admiral Howell. The Mayor of Southampton paid an official visit. He was arrayed in civic pomp; a chain of massive gold depended from his neck, its cable-like links partly hiding a vest of no common capacity. He was accompanied by several Alder-

men, in whose rear marched the Town Beadle, bearing on a cushion a silver arrow full a cloth yard long, and the keys of the city. They were met at the gangway by Admiral Howell and staff, and conducted to the cabin, where they were worthily entertained.

On the 21st our third cutter pulled a five-mile race with a fast cutter of the "Quinnebaug." The crew of our boat were not physically in a condition to race a coal barge, as may easily be understood from the fact that most of them had been on a furlough of ten days, and had just returned; the consequence, as might have been expected, was, that they suffered a bad defeat—which, however, they afterwards humiliatingly wiped out.

On the 25th we catted and fished our anchors, and steamed slowly past Osborne House, Isle of Wight, saluting the royal standard floating above Queen Victoria's summer palace. In two days we were well out of the Channel, and, hauling fires, made sail for Gibraltar, where we dropped anchor September 3d. Exchanging the usual powder courtesies with H. B. M. S. "Rupert," we at once proceeded to obtain some fresh provisions for the remainder of the passage to Villefranche, which was done in a few hours. This was our second visit this cruise; on both occasions our stay was so short that we did not have an opportunity to visit this remarkable rock. During the last cruise, however, we had better luck, and frequently spent a pleasant afternoon, examining the fortifications and watching the troops drill.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Spring is the joyous time of youth,
When "all the world's a stage,"
And virtue, innocence and truth
Adorn the genial age.

Next Summer comes. 'Tis manhood's prime,
When deeds of might are done
By head or heart, all in good time
Laurels are surely won.

Then Autumn, with its golden store—
A harvest of good things—
Bright thoughts, pure lives, and many more
Approving conscience bring.

"Now is the Winter of our discontent,"
Unless we've done our best;
The record of a life well spent
Ensures us peaceful rest.

GIBRALTAR, or, as it was called some few years after the flood, Mons Calpe, is a fortified promontory of Spain belonging to Great Britain, and that gives its name to a town and bay on its west side, and to the Strait that connects the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. This promontory, and Ceuta on the opposite side of the Strait, constitute the ancient pillar of Hercules, long believed to be the western boundary of the world. The Rock is composed of solid gray marble, rising 1,600 feet above the sea, and is three miles long and seven miles in circumference; it is connected with the main land by a narrow sandy isthmus, called the Neutral ground, about one and a half miles long; the North, East and South sides are so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible; the side towards the bay slopes down to the water, where the town and principal fortifications are situated. The Rock is perforated by many remarkable caverns, where were discovered the bones of men and animals. There is but little soil on the Rock and only a few plants flourish. There are a few wild monkeys to be seen scampering about the Rock; they are tailless and regarded as sacred by the inhabitants, who accordingly protect them. Immense sums of money have been expended to render Gibraltar what it appears to be—impregnable. The most remarkable works are two passages, or galleries, cut through the solid rock; they are about two miles long and wide enough to admit a carriage, and are pierced with portholes every twelve yards so as to command the bay and Neutral ground; the latter is said to be mined. There are more than 1,100 guns in position, some of them being the Armstrong, 100 tons.

In A. D. 711 the Moors took possession of Gibraltar. The tower of one of their fortifications still stands. They held it till 1309, and again from 1333 to 1462, when they were finally expelled by the Spaniards who greatly strengthened it. In 1704 Sir George Rook was sent with a fleet against Cadiz, but finding it impossible to conduct a successful attack against that city, and unwilling to return to England without accomplishing anything, he proceeded to Gibraltar, and under cover of a heavy fire succeeded in landing a

force of 2,000 sailors and marines, who, in spite of a gallant and determined defense by the garrison, stormed and captured in succession the principal batteries and compelled the Spanish commander to surrender. Early in 1729 the Spaniards attempted to retake it, but were beaten off.

In 1779 they made another attempt, which was continued for four years and fixed the attention of all Europe; they were aided by land and sea by the French, and all the arts and resources of war were tried. The best engineers of both countries conducted the approaches, and a powerful fleet bombarded it at one time for nearly three weeks without an hour's cessation, no less than 80 mortars and 200 cannon being used. Gen. Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, with a small garrison of 6,000 men made a heroic defense, frequently making sorties ending in the destruction of the enemies works, which, however, were quickly reconstructed. The French and Spaniards soon brought a thousand guns to bear on the Rock, and 47 ships of the line and innumerable small vessels attacked it by sea, and 40,000 troops by land, the whole commanded by the Duke of Crillon (the same mentioned in our notice of Port Mahon). Although ably conducted the garrison succeeded in beating off their assailants, who now brought ten enormous floating batteries—constructed in such a manner as to be deemed invulnerable—to bear and attempted to silence the fire of the garrison. The garrison treated them so roughly with red-hot shot that they all caught fire and were completely destroyed, some few of their crews being saved by the humane exertions of the English. Several other attempts were made during the memorable siege to storm the Rock but were equally disastrous; the garrison was relieved by reinforcements, and in 1783 peace put an end to the war.

The town is paved and lighted, and the houses built in the English style; the principal buildings are the Governor's residence, Admiralty, Barracks, Storehouses, Cathedral, Synagogue, Naval Hospital, and Lunatic Hospital. There is a public library, containing 40,000 volumes, and a medical library. Recently a spring has been discovered, which supplies the inhabitants with water; formerly the rain had to be collected and saved in tanks for the dry months. The officers of the garrison keep up a fine pack

of hounds, with which they have good sport on the mainland fox hunting. During the "Trenton's" visit, just previous to the arrival of the "Constellation" with the relief crew, our officers frequently assisted at these sports, and on one occasion Flag-Lieutenant F. H. Paine carried off the honors of the hunt. The population is decreasing, and is only 12,000.

At 7 P. M., or four hours after arrival, we got up anchor and steamed into the Mediterranean for Villefranche, where we arrived on the 7th of September, and, strange to say, although we had thoroughly enjoyed our summer cruise, we experienced a feeling of relief at sight of the little town. Many of us have begun to regard it as a second home. Quite a little fleet of bum-boats supply our extra wants at meal times at reasonable prices; our caterers have discovered they can do better here than in any other place. Laundresses come on board at meal times and take away any articles requiring their attention. Milk is dispensed at the same time on the spar-deck, and should either *Buttery Bush* or *Victoria* omit coming on board with their welcome kettles, great disappointment prevails. We renewed our acquaintance with the shore, and enjoyed ourselves more than we imagined we should ever do, when for the first time we sat in front of the Cafe Marina sipping very moderate coffee. On the 12th September we made a move for Leghorn, Italy, where we arrived the following day. We entertain a strong regard for Leghorn, and would have been willing to have made a longer stay had it not been for the crowds of visitors who thronged our decks from morning till night, who, it would appear, regard us as a superior and favored people, whom they cannot admire too much. At meal times they delight in forming a sort of cordon round the messes, and energetically gesticulate their admiration at our cultured use of table furniture.

LEGHORN, or, in Italian, Livorno, is a modern city, and an important seaport of Italy. It possesses a commodious harbor, full of shipping, which is protected by admirable breakwaters. The town is built on a plain at the foot of a chain of mountains, and is in the form of a square. The streets are spacious, well paved, and lighted, and the houses are, for the most part, handsome structures. In the sixteenth century Leghorn was only a fishing village, with a population of 750. It is now the best built of Italian cities, and contains 100,000 inhabitants. There is an almost total absence of the narrow, mean streets and structural deformities to be everywhere seen in nearly all Italian towns.

As no one can say he has seen Leghorn unless full of Pisa and its sights we determined to qualify ourselves, and accordingly hired a coronetted cabriolet, whose Arab steed, at the terrific speed of five miles an hour, deposited us at the railroad depot, where we entered a second-class carriage, that, barring the seats, was admirably adapted for the transportation of the horned cattle in neighboring pastures. Half an hour over a well irrigated, fertile plain brought us to our destination; we escaped as quickly as possible from our luxurious carriage, and from railway officials who kindly volunteered information, and in half a minute stood in front of the Washington Hotel, into which we hurried to avoid a posse of hackdrivers eager to secure our patronage. A grave-looking, black side-whiskered, and white-vested servitor assured us that he knew Uncle Sam, whose acquaintance he made in New York; he made the statement in the excellent English spoken by Italians, and, of course, we believed him. And, after drinking inspiration from cool lemonade, sallied forth fully convinced that in the matter of hacks and their drivers discretion would be the better part of valor. We smilingly surrendered to "Guiseppe," who hastily, as if fearing a rescue, hustled us into a low basket on four wheels, and mounting a seat in front rattled along the street leading to the river. We soon arrived at one of its several bridges lined with splendid

quays. As we crossed we took a good look at the stream beneath. We confess to considerable disappointment. The Arno is, without a doubt a fine river; yet we asked ourselves could this be the river so often sung, and that six centuries ago bore on its bosom fleets that swayed "many a subject land?" Was this the river that in the days when Rome was scarce emerged from infancy, was crowded with winged messengers of commerce, laden with treasures from India, and with "the fine web of Nile," for

The rich mart of Pisa,
Queen of the western wave,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves."

We did not muse long; our chariot swept across the bridge, past a group of gay loungers on the Lung Arno, and away down three or four narrow streets into a large square where we alighted and beheld the four most remarkable structures in the world: the Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistry and Cemetery. They are all built of white marble and present such a clean appearance as suggests soap and water. The Cathedral was erected to celebrate a triumph of the Pisans over the Saracens in the harbor of Palermo A.D. 1063. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, 311 feet long, and 106 feet wide in the interior. There are no less than twelve altars in the nave and transept, said to be by Michael Angelo. The windows are of stained glass and of such beauty as to be almost without rivals. The interior is full of treasures of art, masterpieces of painting and statuary. We had pointed out to us, over one of the altars, an ancient Ducal-Crown of Tuscany, "set thick with starry gems," that must have cost his ducal highness an immense fortune, or, perhaps, only a few lives.

The Baptistry was begun in 1152, but not finished till some time in the fourteenth century. It is a circular building, 100 feet in diameter and 179 feet high. It has numerous elaborately carved columns and bas-reliefs, some of Greek and some of Roman origin. The pavement is of beautiful mosaic.

The Leaning Tower was begun in 1174. It is 190 feet high, and consists of two concentric circular walls, each two feet thick, and having a staircase running up between them

with 294 steps. It is divided into eight stories, each having an outside gallery of seven feet projection, and the topmost story overhanging the base fifteen feet.

The Cemetery is $415\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 137 feet wide, and was commenced in 1278. It encloses a mound of earth brought from Mount Calvary, in fifty-three ships, by Bishop Ubaldo. It contains a very valuable collection of monuments, including some Roman sarcophagi; also some fine frescoes. The views we had of these glories of Pisa were highly pleasing, and we returned to the depot well satisfied with all we had seen.

Pisa is to-day one of the very cleanest cities we have been in; the streets are mostly spacious and well paved. There are several fine buildings, notably a public library of 55,000 books. The city is surrounded by an ancient wall about five miles in length, having five gates. The population has of late years increased, and now numbers 53,000.

We remained at Leghorn till the 19th of September then departed for Genoa, where we arrived the following day.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

“The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee.”—ROBERT BURNS.

IN a cottage so homely,
Sequestered and lonely,
Where Nature's all peaceful and still;
With its green little nook,
And the mill by the brook,
Lives Maggie, the Maid of the Mill.

Mag's one eye is as bright,
As a star at midnight,
Her voice is discordant and shrill;
Her snub nose is divine,
Her shoes number nine—
Sweet Maggie, the Maid of the Mill.

Her father, the miller,
Has plenty o' siller,
He keeps it locked up in the till;
I will e'en get me in,
(I've an eye to the tin),
And court Maggie, the Maid of the Mill.

Alas, what a bother—
Here comes her big brother,
Of thrashing he'd give me my fill;
I must hie me away,
Come some other day,
And make love to the Maid of the Mill.

GENOA is the most important seaport in Italy; its semicircular and well defended harbor is at all times crowded with shipping. The city is double-walled, and its system of defences makes it the best fortified of any in Europe. Viewed from the harbor, one cannot well deny its claim to the title of *La Superba*; it rises like an amphitheatre, with churches, gardens, palaces, promenades, beautiful villas and encircling fortifications. The purple background of the Appenines and the lofty peaks of the snowy Alps behind, complete one of the grandest and most imposing sights in the world. Macauley, in one of his letters, considers it one of the three handsomest cities in Europe; the other two being Edinburgh and Oxford. We have often been ashore, and can say with truth, that in no other city have we seen so many magnificent palaces, stately churches, and halls of arts and sciences. We do not like to say a word in disparagement, and will only remark that we could have wished that some of the streets were less steep and narrow. There are many fine squares ornamented with statuary, including monuments of Columbus, Andrea Doria and other distinguished natives. Near the landing is a hotel bearing on its front a marble tablet recording that it was in that house the great Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, breathed his last when on a journey to Rome in 1847.

We obtained admission to one or two of the palaces, and were surprised at their internal splendor. Paintings that we were assured were beyond price graced the walls. Many of these palaces are rented to wealthy foreigners who prefer Italy's cloudless clime to the murky atmosphere of their own northern home. In one of the art galleries visited there were collections in every department. The antique took our fancy—we have a weakness that way—and it was some time before we could tear ourselves away from Grecian sculptures and Roman brasses, said to be more than two thousand years old.

“Urns of massive silver,
Goblets rough with gold,
Many colored tablets, bright
With loves and wars of old;
Stones that breathe and struggle
Brass that seems to speak.”


We drove to the Campo Santo, or cemetery, about two miles outside the city, where we spent a couple of delightful hours admiring its wonderful sculptures. Genoa has a traditionary history more ancient than Rome. Levy tells us that it was subdued and partly destroyed by a naval expedition sent against it during the second Punic war. It was rebuilt by the Romans and soon became "a stately market place" of considerable importance. When Rome declined it suffered severely from the Goths, and in the seventh century was taken by the Lombards, from whom it was taken by Charlemagne, in the eighth century. When that monarch's empire became dismembered, Genoa attained independence. In 935 the Saracens pillaged it, which led to its navy being strengthened, and an alliance with the republic of Pisa, resulting in the expulsion of the Saracens from Corsica, Sardinia and Caprija. In 1088 it sent an expedition to Africa that was successful. It was at this time governed by Consuls, and its commercial importance was so great as to arouse the jealousy of Pisa and Venice, with whom she waged a long war, that added to her fame and made her mistress of the seas. In the first Crusade she won glory, and was rewarded by a grant of part of Palestine, including Acre. After the second war with Pisa (1112 to 1132), she conquered and expelled the Moors from Minorca. Success continued to attend her, and Monaco, Nice, Montferrat and Marseilles were conquered, besides other and more distant cities. Her third war with Pisa continued for nearly a century. The fourth war was begun by a naval victory for Genoa, that cost the Pisans 3,000 killed and 13,000 prisoners. Peace was obtained by the conquest of Elba and the destruction of the harbor of Pisa in 1290. Venice now felt her power, and after several defeats, sued for peace in 1299. She was now the great mart of the known world. The conquests of the Turks in the fifteenth century had a serious effect on Genoa. Mohammed II. stripped her of all her foreign possessions, and she began to decline. The last bright page in her story is her deliverance from the French by the celebrated Andrea Doria, who established a new constitution that lasted to the end of the republic. Napoleon annexed it in 1805, and in 1814 it was occupied by the English, who permitted

its ancient constitution to be restored. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna annihilated its independence and made it a Sardinian duchy. In 1849 a revolutionary outbreak occurred, and a bloody struggle took place with the Sardinian troops. The forts and principal parts of the city were captured by the royal troops, after which an amnesty was extended to all but the leaders, who would, if taken prisoners, have been executed. They were, however, fortunate enough to make their escape to the United States steamer "Princeton," and were safe.

During the Italian war of 1859, Genoa served as a landing-place for the French.

On the 23d we departed from this noble city, which, "for her beauty, for her grandeur, for her historic fame, for her warlike deeds," is almost without a rival.

THE COLOR OF THE SEA.

OW few there are who realize what the ocean is ought else than a raging mass of weltering waves lashed by storms, to be regarded only with dread and avoided with aversion! How many gain from it but one or two one-sided impressions! To one the sea is always blue; to another it always looks green. How few there are who appreciate the matchless suggestiveness of that Homeric passage: "The innumerable smiles of the many-voiced sea." That line only touches on the countless aspects of ocean, and yet it is the finest definition of the sea in the whole range of literature.


It is not at all uncommon to see half the ocean a deep purple towards one-half of the horrizon, dark viridian green in the opposite direction, especially toward evening or at early morning—and this, regardless of reflections, at a time when the surface is so broken as to be filled with local color. At sea the color is not only a form of beauty conveying pleasures to the mind, but also has a use like everything beautiful in nature.

As a rule, light green indicates shoal water, the lighter the tint the more shallow the depth; the local color is ascertainable by looking down rather than on the surface; dark-blue water is a sign of great depth. But, if one looks at blue water at a distance it is then found to be a very dark green.

Among the Coral islands, where the bottom is a white sand and the water of little depth, it is found to be of the most brilliant, exquisite green; it is impossible to overstate the vividness of the color in those waters, and almost as impossible to try to reproduce them on canvas. The red is scarcely less vivid in the West India waters, being the complimentary color of green, and, wherever a rock near the surface or a cloud shadow obscures the green tint, red is produced, and even the cloudless sky at midday is also a soft rose color.

TO SISTER.

(ON RECEIPT OF HER LETTER.)

M far away from you, Mollie, and my heart indeed grows sore,
As I think of the days, when together, we romped on our
green native shore.

Since you mentioned, "My darling I'll await your return, in
my new home, across the wide sea,"

There's a sigh in my heart which keeps whispering—*Sister is
waiting* for me.

I've traveled across the wide ocean and in strange lands have I
been,

I've been among people of all kinds—but no place like home
have I seen.

Yes, Mollie, I long to see you, in your new home across the
wide sea,

Also the husband who loves you and the sweet little *babe* on
your knee.

The memory of by-gone days in fond retrospect I recall,
And your sweet face ever haunts me. Will I e'er see it? Yes,
I shall

With the hope of God and His angels, a wanderer no longer
I'll be,

But repair with all haste to you, Mollie, in your new home
across the wide sea.

WHILE lying in Genoa a deed of life-saving gallantry was performed by two of our crew which must not be omitted in these pages. On the night of the 23d Sept., the third cutter having returned from her last trip ashore, was hoisted and the falls belayed; the two men stationed in her had not yet got out, when the after fall became accidentally unhooked, causing the stern of the boat to fall and precipitating both men into the water. One of them, Hans Paulsen, was unable to swim and would for a certainty have been drowned, had it not been for the unhesitating courage of John Russell and Phillip Moore, who instantly leaped overboard, and directed by his cries, swam to and supported him till a boat came to their assistance.

Captain Queen, who was ever ready to distinguish merit, forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy a statement of the brave act, adding a recommendation that both men should be suitably rewarded. The recommendation had the desired effect. In three or four weeks "all hands," were called to muster, the officers, with side arms, formed on the starboard side of the quarter deck, the blue jackets on the port side and the Marine Guard, in full dress, and under arms, were drawn up just abaft the mainmast, and across the deck.

When all hands were reported present Russell and Moore were called to the front, and took up an indicated position near the Captain. Then the customary "Attention to Orders" was commanded and Lieut. Commander Gridley read a departmental order thanking our brave shipmates for their gallantry in saving a fellow-creature's life. The order concluded with a statement, that medals of honor were being prepared and would be forwarded as soon as possible.

[During the "Trenton's" stay at Southampton, and while in company with the "Quinnebaug," the crew of the latter's gig, justly proud of their beautiful boat, and confident of their own sinews, challenged the "Trenton's" invincible gig to a race. The challenge was, of course, accepted, and an agreement entered into to test the merits of the boats when the two ships should again meet.]

On the "Trenton's" return to Villefranche from Genoa, Italy, on September 24th, the "Quinnebaug" was discovered moored to No. 1 Buoy. As may be supposed, the crews of both vessels hailed the meeting with delight, and little time was lost in preparing for the contest. At 10.30 A. M. Monday, September 27th, both boats were towed out of the harbor, accompanied by cutters from their respective ships. When three miles from the "Quinnebaug" had been obtained by accurate measurement, a stake-boat was established, and the contestants took their position for "a long pull and a strong pull" to the "Quinnebaug." Both boats are models of beauty, and their crews were composed of apprentice boys. The "Quinnebaugs" were in first rate condition, their well developed muscles telling a tale of thorough training, and a first glance at them conveyed the impression that the days of their minority would soon be at an end. The youthful "Trentons" looked all that could be desired, and as they waited for the signal to start, their bearing exhibited an easy confidence that was no doubt influenced by the memory of many a brilliant victory achieved by their boat.

At 11.30 A. M. both boats got away to a beautiful start, the "invincibles" being the first to show in front, pulling a strong stroke of 36 to the minute; the "Quinnebaugs" were in close attendance, rowing a little slower, but remarkably good stroke. When a mile had been covered, the "Trentons" were leading by a couple of lengths. The "Quinnebaugs" then made a most determined spurt, but failed to overtake the "invincibles," who increased their lead to three lengths. As the boats neared the flagship at No. 3 Buoy, the band struck up the stirring air "The Campbells are Coming," which seemed to rouse the "Quinnebaugs," as passing they made another spurt. The effort, however was but short lived. The "invincibles" had also heard the Campbells "were" coming, and bending to their work in a style that elicited tremendous applause, they quickly increased their lead, and went home easy winners by 23 seconds. Time, 26 M. 34 S.

Both victors and vanquished were loudly and heartily applauded from both ships, and by the citizens on shore.

Lieutenant Jaques of the "Quinnebaug," and Ensign

Boush of the "Trenton," acted as starters; Lieutenant-Commander Kennedy of the former, and Ensign Emmons of the latter, being judges.

The following were the "invincibles" crew: Patrick Mul-lady, coxswain; Harry Stoetzel, Samuel Mettler, John H. Westfall, Harry Kepley, Eli Fildes, Arthur Genung. Upon our arrival at Marseilles they were granted twenty-four hours' liberty.

The gig of the "Trenton" has a record not possessed by any other in the Navy. Its first race and victory was in Smyrna with the gig of the "Marion," followed by victories over those of the "Vandalia" and "Tennessee" in Villefranche; the gig of Baring Bros.' yacht in Naples, also that of the English yacht "Enchantress" in Villefranche last spring; and lastly, the one we have just recorded.

COMING CHRISTMAS.

THE Old Year's waning very fast,
Its lingering days will soon be past,
And Christmas here.
May all our homes be happy, bright,
Our friends be merry Christmas night,
And have good cheer.

Is there a mother, sister, friend,
Or any one to whom we'd send
A Christmas Gift?
Let's cheer the sad and lonely hearth,
For where once joy; perhaps now is dearth—
Give them a lift.

Full many an hour in other times,
We've listened to the Christmas chimes
Ring praise above.
And tho' we are absent they shall find
We are present with them in the mind—
All those we love.



E only stayed long enough to provision ship, which occupied four days. On the 28th September we steamed to Marseilles, where we arrived next day, making fast alongside one of the many fine wharves of this great port; and as our object in coming was to put in new super-heating pipes, the work was begun without delay. We remained five weeks, during which liberty was given daily, and we had many opportunities of revisiting the city and its environs; we had a very pleasant time, and enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. Having completed the super-heating business, we departed for headquarters on the 31st October, arriving in Villefranche November 1st, where we hunted up our friends, and made frequent visits to Nice, which was beginning to assume its winter tone, fashionable equipages and brilliant toilettes on the *Promenade des Anglais*.

Having coaled and provisioned we left "Home" on the 9th of November, steering for "the winding shores and rosy sea of old Parthenope." On the following morning we passed Elba and Corsica, and when off Monte Christo (same day) we had big gun and torpedo practice—our eight-inch rifles made sad havoc of a target. During this trip the "Trenton" made excellent time; for, notwithstanding the delay that occurred by target and torpedo practice, she made an average of eleven knots per hour. It was not intended to make such a quick passage, but our chief engineer found it impossible, even with half-power, to control our obstinate beauty—she defied him—and raced to Naples in thirty-four hours.

Were it not for the guides we would never tire of Naples and its classic environs; these gentry are formed into a thoroughly organized system that receives countenance and aid from the authorities. The moment a stranger lands he observes a group of respectable looking loungers, and they quickly observe him. They are endowed with an intuitive perception of character, and in military language "conduct the approaches" accordingly. In some cases they endeavor to insinuate themselves into a conversation, and if successful, will gradually unfold and stand forth professed guides;

the, until now, unsuspecting stranger is at a loss what course to pursue, and before he can decide the artful enemy makes a vigorous assault, enumerating a long list of should-be-visited places. Hesitation cannot resist, and submission is obtained; calls are made at places worth seeing, and at many that are not, in each and every one there is a drain on the purse, a percentage trickling into the *cicerone's* pocket. Should the artful one's intuitive faculty discover from facial observation that the intended victim is of a determined and probably combative disposition, the approaches are boldly conducted, the hat is politely raised and the question, "want a guide, sir?" asked. If the proposition is negatived, the stranger continues his way alone, but not unaccompanied. Wherever he goes—if to the museum, churches, cafes or restaurants—the enemy enters immediately after, and generally by nods and winks, fixes the price of whatever is purchased. We are personally acquainted with several of these "highwaymen," and have suffered at their hands. We are pretty well known now, and latterly have struck our flag to "Louis," who treats us with comparative leniency.

The "Trenton" remained at Naples sixteen days, the weather was not all the time favorable to visits ashore. We, however, on several occasions "did" the sculptures and paintings at the museum, and on one occasion spent a delightful evening at the opera, listening to Miss Blanche Davenport in "Traviata."

The 25th of November, "Thanksgiving" was appropriately observed on board the "Trenton." All routine duties were suspended for the day. Great preparations had been made to provide the messes with a dinner suitable to the occasion. The foretop mess, as usual, carried the palm for decorative art. All the messes were tastefully decorated—the tables groaned with the weight of good things, and our band furnished excellent music. On the 29th we departed, returning to Villefranche on the 30th, where we remained ten weeks.

On the 6th of December, while performing our evening evolution of sending down lightyards, W. S. Hinton, a youthful but remarkably smart ordinary seaman, who was stationed aloft to assist the yard in its descent, lost his

footing and fell; he was half-way to the decks (about twenty-five feet), when, with a presence of mind truly astonishing, he grasped the descending yard and was lowered, head first, in safety to the deck, where he received quite an ovation.

During our sojourn at Villefranche, our popular Captain, W. W. Queen, was detached on account of ill health, the command devolving upon our executive, Lieutenant-Commander C. V. Gridley, until the arrival of the officer appointed to the vacancy arrived.

On the 16th of December Admiral Howell and the officers of the "Trenton" entertained guests to the number of about 200. Nothing had been left undone to make the occasion a success. Holystones performed early and extra duty. The weather was worthy of June and had bleached white the quarter-deck, which from mainmast to stern was covered and screened in with brilliant bunting. The capstan and hatchway canopies were tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers; a magnificent bouquet, representing our national flag, the gift of Mr. Vesey, United States Consul, Nice, attracted much attention.

The ship's boats were kept busy, from noon till 2 P. M., bringing off guests, who were cordially welcomed at the gangway by the officers. Dancing began about 1 P. M. and was kept up till after 4 P. M. The officers' uniforms and brilliant morning toilettes of the ladies, sombered with the gracefully festooned and intermixed emblems of many nationalities, and the wealth of rare exotics, made up a picture to be remembered, and one that no "old master" could have done justice to.

The wardroom was transformed into a beautifully decorated saloon, where guests partook of light refreshments between dances. The musical performances by the band contributed greatly to the day's enjoyment; the bandmaster, Gerardo Latta, received many well-deserved compliments.

Christmas Day, 1880, on board the "Trenton" at Villefranche, will ever be a bright memory to all who shared its festivities. The commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander Gridley, kindly alive to the necessities of the day, caused extra money to be served out to every man on

board, and special permission was given to caterers of messes to seek and sack the markets of Villefranche and Nice. The morning of the happy day was bright and warm, the day-god's beams shone fair on the lofty castle, on the climbing villas and on the quaint old town, and brightened the dancing wavelets that joyously sported round the stately "Trenton."

At 9 A. M. all hands set to work with a will to "rig tables," and soon, "as from the stroke of the enchantress' wand," seventeen fairy-like tents arose on the gun-deck, bright with many-colored festooned bunting; evergreens and flowers were liberally and artistically used inside and outside, with an effect that held captive the eye. By half-past eleven the enterprise of caterer and skill of cook became visible—fair, fat turkeys, lordly sirloins, mighty puddings, tempting fruits and goodly bottles of Bass' graced the long array of tables.

At noon, Admiral Howell, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commander Gridley and Lieutenant Emory, made a tour of inspection. A smile of pleasure lit up the features of our fine old Admiral as he surveyed the creaking tables, and complimented the men. Five minutes after twelve, Winchester, Davis, Carroll, Crowther and McLean performed the duties of their office by "piping" a louder and shriller summons than usual to dinner. Supper was on a scale scarcely inferior to dinner, and the day passed in joviality and good humor, not an incident occurring to mar its harmony.

THE PET LAMB.



MARY had a little lamb,"
It grew quite a fine sheep,
Because it was a pet of hers
Her father did it keep.

Mary was a loosely maid,
Just turned sweet seventeen,
The boys round, all thought she was
The prettiest girl they'd seen.

Mynheer Von Dunk a farmer was,
Fat, fair and well-to-do;
He long had Mary in his eye,
And her he wished to woo.

He came into the field one day,
Where, by a pond, she sat;
The sheep was grazing peacefully,
So large and white and fat.

"Dear Mary," said the Mynheer bold,
As gracefully he bent:
"I long have vished to spheak do you,
Do ved is mine intent."

The sheep quick saw the Mynheer bow,
And at him ran, full tilt,
He struck the Mynheer right astern,
And sadly he was spilt.

Into the pond he quickly flew,
Midst ducks and slush and mire;
The pet stood stamping on the brink,
Von Dunk had roused his ire.

Soon splashing, dashing, breathing hard,
The Mynheer came in sight,
His head bobbed up amongst the weeds,
He was in direful plight.

Then Mary laughed out, sweet and clear,
In tones so blithe and gay;
Von Dunk looked like some large blackfish
Or porpoise out at play.

"Miss Shackson," then enraged, he cried,
"Call off dot peastly ram."
"What do you mean, sir?" Mary cried,
"'Tis only my pet lamb."

"Bet lamb, be plowed," Von Dunk replied,
"I vish I had mine gun,
I'd zhoot de prute, right vere he sthands,
And dot vould sphoil his vun."

Indignant Mary homeward went,
Intent to tell her brother,
The sheep then followed close behind,
Thus Mary lost her lover.

Now, all young ladies, warning take,
If pet lambs you must keep,
Get rid of them when they grow up
And turn into fat sheep.



ON the 2d of February Captain F. M. Ramsay reported for duty to Admiral Howell, and on the following morning all hands were mustered, and the order appointing him to the command of the "Trenton" read, after which he relieved Lieutenant-Commander Gridley, and with great courtesy went through the ceremony of introduction to the officers.

The return race between the third cutters of the "Quinnebaug" and "Trenton" took place on the 9th. The conditions of the race were that the boats should be pulled from the "Trenton" to separate stakeboats, anchored one and a half miles out, and return. Soon after the start the superiority of our boat became manifest, it gradually drew ahead, and when a mile and a quarter had been rowed, was eight lengths ahead; but on nearing the stakeboat it was discovered that the one which the "Quinnebaug's" were to turn was about fifty yards the nearest; this enabled the "Quinnebaug's" boat to obtain a lead of several lengths in turning, much to the astonishment of the crew of our cutter, who now found themselves, to say the least, strangely astern. With admirable determination they settled down to their work and before half a mile had been covered, drew up to their rivals, whose coxswain, finding his boat in difficulties, began a practice of tactics that must have been acquired in a racing stable. His helm was frequently shifted to prevent our boat going ahead—the consequence was that his port stroke and our starboard bow oars touched—after which he quietly fell astern, claiming a foul. The race had been closely watched and although the stakeboat business could not be accounted for, it was plain something was wrong and the race was ordered to be pulled again next day. Accordingly, the boats met under the "Trenton's" bow on the 10th, and were sent away to a beautiful start, our cutter immediately showing her superiority by taking the lead fifty yards after starting. Lieutenant Emory followed close in the flagship's steam cutter, to see the race fairly rowed. When the stakeboats were neared, our boat was ten lengths ahead, pulling an

easy stroke, but again it was observed that the "Quinnebaug's" stakeboat was nearly a third of a mile the nearest. Lieutenant Emory, who was in close attendance, promptly ordered the crew of our boat to stop pulling, as the race was theirs—it was accordingly done and both boats returned to the flagship, where an investigation was instituted without any satisfactory result, as the distance between the stakeboats could not, *or would not*, be accounted for. The coxswain of our boat claimed the stakes, which was not allowed unless the race was again rowed. Although this was rather too much, he at once got his crew together, and prepared for a third endeavor to force the "Quinnebaug's" to a confession of weakness. They had had enough, however, and positively declined to row again. Thus ended a race that all who beheld it, acknowledged should have been awarded to our boat.

We left headquarters on the 13th under steam, for Toulon, where we arrived on the 14th, again renewing our acquaintance with the pleasant little city. While we lay at anchor, the coxswain of the gig, August Ohlensen, engaged at work in his boat, which was hoisted, fell overboard. The accident was unobserved, except by Alexander Turvelin and John Davis, who, knowing he could not swim, without a moment's consideration, sprang overboard and rescued him. The Department was made acquainted with the circumstance, and forwarded to Turvelin and Davis a highly complimentary letter, accompanied by a medal "For Valor."

On the 21st we returned to Villefranche, the trip occupying ten hours. The day after our arrival was the 149th anniversary of the birth of the father of our country, the ever-illustrious Washington, and was celebrated with time-honored ceremony, in which the "Wyoming" and "Quinnebaug" assisted.

The following poem was written on the occasion of the Stars and Stripes being broke at the mastheads of the respective ships.


OUR FLAG.

There's a flag we love best in the world,
Its colors are Red, White, and Blue ;
Whereso'er the bright banner's unfurled,
It's the flag of the good and the true.

Like the Phoenix of old up it sprung
From ashes long smoldering, aflame ;
It applause from all nations has wrung,
And made for itself a great name.

'Neath its glories of azure, white rose,
The poor and oppressed all find,
A land where true sympathy flows,
And friends that are helpful and kind.

Then success to the Stripes and the Stars,
Long, long may they gracefully wave !
Let us cheer them with joyous hurrahs—
The flag of the Free and the Brave !

 HE accomplished American songstress, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, visited the ship on the 4th of March, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, of Pennsylvania. The wardroom officers did the honors, and conducted our distinguished visitors around the ship, not forgetting to point out our "Herald" office, and to introduce its able proprietor, Mr. E. P. Duffy. This little offspring of talent and enterprise has acquired no little celebrity, and is as eagerly looked for on our other ships, and in Nice and neighborhood, as on board the "Trenton." Not only the "Herald" office, but the little sheet itself, is much improved in appearance, truly indicating that the receipts prove its value to be widely acknowledged. Mr. J. B. Murphy, of our Marine Guard, has for some time assisted Mr. Duffy in the mechanical department, and as he is a thorough "typo," the "Herald" has not suffered. The next day saw our good ship steaming towards Leghorn, where we arrived on the 6th.

An incident occurred during our stay here that will ever be a bright memory. About 5 P. M. on the afternoon of the 9th March, a lady and gentleman came on board, and were cordially greeted by our wardroom officers. We soon learned that the lady was none other than our countrywoman and already famous songstress, Miss Emma Wixom, and the gentleman was her father, Dr. W. W. Wixom, of Nevada, and that they were about to dine in the wardroom. During dinner our band executed, with great effect, a selection of operatic music. About 7 o'clock guests and hosts came up on the half-deck, where a pleasant conversation began, and was continued until 8 o'clock—when Miss Wixom kindly consented to sing for the ship's company. After singing selections from "Somnambula" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," which were received with tremendous applause, she rendered the "Star Spangled Banner," fairly "bringing down the house." The last verse was repeated, and its conclusion was greeted with cheers that must have echoed through Leghorn's long aisle, the "Via Vittore Emmanule"—a distance of about two miles.

In Leghorn, every one, from the shoeblack to the wealthiest citizen, raved about the sweet blossom from far Nevada, and the photographists did a rushing business. The "Trenton's" crew invested largely, and many an album, carefully stowed away, contains a likeness of the youthful "La Nevada," to whom the following lines were addressed:

"LA NEVADA."

Dear lady of our native land,
We welcome you with heart and hand,
The Trenton's crew among.
When we go home we can relate
How, from Nevada's Silver State,
We heard the Queen of Song.

Your pure young voice so soft and clear,
Attuned by culture's perfect ear,
Sweet joy imparts.
"Music hath charms." 'Tis very true
That music's charms, expressed by *you*,
Cheered up our hearts.

And when, in course of time, you come
Back to your native land and home,
Your fame to tell—
A loving welcome you will find,
From friends and sympathizers kind,
Who wish you well.

WE have already written our impressions of Leghorn, and will only say that all hands enjoyed themselves in drives around its suburbs and in trips to Pisa. On the 20th we departed for Genoa, arriving early the next morning. We remained till the 5th of April, getting many opportunities to revisit this palatial city. Many spent whole afternoons admiring the wonderful memorial sculpture contained within the walls of the Campo Santo. On the 6th of April we were again back at Villefranche, where, long before we picked up our buoy, the inevitable Campbo boarded us, bringing with him a budget of local items of more or less interest. Sam. Gardner, in his handsome "Whitehall," quickly conveyed our mail orderly ashore, who made a raid on the post-office, which was rewarded by a large bag full of letters and papers that were soon distributed, and from which we learned that the "Lancaster" was making rapid progress, and would be ready to leave the United States on the 1st of August. On the 14th we left for Port Mahon, and during the trip we were treated to a midnight preparation for battle, commonly called night-quarters, which was brought about by a new departure. Hitherto the signal had been given by "the spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife," but on this occasion a brazen gong—symbol of barbarism—spread the wild alarm. Although the powers that be stole a march upon us, Mr. Emmon's chronometer recorded a victory for us; the enemy was beaten off in quicker time than any previously made. We made Mahon's sheltered bay on the 15th, where we remained till the 26th.

Sail and spar drill, small-arms and boat exercises, were fully indulged in; and on two occasions the whole force of the "Trenton" was landed, formed into a battalion, and put through the prescribed evolutions, which were executed in a manner worthy of regular troops, and proved that although our floating parade-ground was limited, we could form a "legion's ordered line." We departed on the 26th, arriving at Castellamare on the 29th.

We remained here two weeks, during which all hands had many opportunities to visit the town and make excur-

sions to Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum and Sorento. A band of Tarantella singers from the latter place, attired in the picturesque costumes of the country, paid the ship a visit, and favored us with some excellent music, vocal and instrumental, of which "*Yama, Yama*," became so popular, that our *chef de musique*, Gerardo Satta, frequently introduced it afterwards into his programme.

Castellamare is a small Italian town, that, except for its surroundings, is without the slightest claim to beauty. It has a population of some 24,000, and is finely situated on the southeast side of the gulf of Naples, on the lower slopes of a mountain, along a sheltered beach, and commands the finest view of the Bay of Naples from Vesuvius to Micennu. It is defended by two forts, and has a dockyard where the largest Italian ships of war are built. It possesses a cathedral, several churches and convents, and a royal palace. There are also manufactories of linen, cotton, cloth and silk, and twelve thermal and mineral springs. The salubrity of its air and the beauty of its environs have made it a desirable summer resort. It is also celebrated as being the ancient Stabiae, destroyed by Sylla during the civil wars, and afterwards occupied principally by villas and pleasure grounds. It was here the elder Pliny met his death, endeavoring to assist the fugitives from Pompeii, A. D. 79.

We left Castellamare on the 13th May, for Villefranche, during which passage we had a lively fifteen minutes with a squall, an account of which some landsman must have communicated to the *Army and Navy Journal*, in whose columns the "Trenton" appeared to have been in danger.

Arriving at Villefranche on the 15th, we found a large mail awaiting us, from which we were assured, unofficially, that the "Lancaster" would meet us at "the Rock" in September.

The little cemetery at Villefranche contains the remains of quite a number of United States seamen and marines who died serving their country in these waters. Several of our petty officers discussed at a private meeting the propriety of inaugurating a "Decoration Day" that would give the men who man our European cruisers an opportunity to lay with reverent hands nature's brightest blossoms on the

lonely graves of their countrymen. They were unanimous, and decided to ask Captain Ramsay's assistance. It is needless to say that our gallant Captain did all in his power to further the movement, and that he heartily approved of it. The pen of the able editor of the "Trenton Herald" gave eloquent publicity to the project that the "Trenton's" crew hailed with delight, and that was joyfully approved by the crews of the other vessels composing our squadron. Our popular printer, Mr. E. P. Duffy, assumed the management, and in the columns of his journal invited the American and English residents in Nice to participate in the ceremony, which was fixed for the 22d of May. We received many gifts of rare flowers from the American and English visitors to Nice; and our own officers contributed floral gifts, of which Captain Pope's "U. S. M. C.," and Lieut. Reisinger's "U. S. N.," were remarkable for their rare beauty.

Every preparation having been completed, on the appointed day, Sunday, May 22d, 1881, the men of the "Trenton," "Nipsic" and "Galena," were landed in Villefranche, all being dressed in blue mustering clothes and white caps, each man carrying a large bouquet in his right hand, and pinned on his left side was a sprig of "Forget-me-nots." Lieut.-Commander T. A. Lyons, who was in charge, formed the men, whose numerical strength amounted to 400 in line, then broke them into a column of fours, and headed by the flagship's band which struck up a popular marching tune, the procession began its journey to the little French graveyard. The appearance of the men when in line, and the military exactness which they displayed in forming column, was such as would have won respect from the most distinguished military authorities, and did not fail to elicit warm approval from the crowd of spectators gathered from Nice, Cannes, Villefranche and neighborhood. Having put his command in motion, Mr. Lyons marched it up the steep road into the cemetery, where it was wheeled into line. The necessary commands, quickly given and smartly obeyed, caused the force to form three sides of a square. The band then played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," upon the conclusion of which Pay Director Doran, U. S. N., delivered an eloquent and appropriate oration. "Rock of Ages" was then played, during which the ranks were broken, and the

graves decorated with such a profusion of flowers as completely covered the little mounds that rise above our dead. The ceremony of decoration over, Lieut.-Commander T. A. Lyons, introduced Mr. E. P. Duffy, who read the following poem, written for the occasion by Thos. H. Simmons :

DECORATION DAY.

These quiet graves, within this hallowed ground,
 Claim sympathy, dear shipmates, from us all,
 How peacefully our friends lie sleeping round,
 Awaiting calmly resurrection's call.

And we who live, a sad sweet tribute ours,
 To decorate their resting place to-day,
 With garlands fresh, of nature's lovely flowers,
 In honor of the dear ones passed away.

'Tis sad, indeed, in foreign lands to lie,
 So far away from all they loved so well;
 Yet many a friend we all have known to die,
 And leave no mark his last long home to tell.

Our ship "brought to" amid the ocean wide,
 The simple words by Bo'sens Mate are said
 In solemn tones, that o'er the stillness glide
 And echo sad, "*All Hands Bury the Dead!*"


Then to the depths that lie away, far down
 Beneath the pure and flashing crystal wave
 Is straight consigned—awaiting glory's crown—
 The body of our shipmate, true and brave.

Such need no floral offerings on their bier;
 Their calm abode is ever fresh and bright,
 Encircled by the waves they loved so dear
 And sparkling waters gleaming in the light.

Full well we know that all those buried here
 Would for their country gallantly have died;
 Each one did well in his allotted sphere,
 And sank to rest with service good and tried.

Peace to their ashes! May their spirits bloom
 In heavenly radiance with the pure above!
 'Tis but awhile—Death's mystery and gloom
 Are soon dispelled by God's eternal love.

The band then rendered "The Sweet Bye and Bye," after which the men were reformed and marched out of the flower-bedecked graveyard down to their boats, when they embarked for their respective ships. Between five and six thousand spectators showed their sympathy in this ceremony, which was conducted in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on all engaged.

E left Villefranche for Barcelona, Spain, May 31st. The trip was a blank, so far as incidents of interest were concerned. "Smith's Folly," with melancholy smile, looked down upon us, and the few homesick pilgrims who still lingered in Nice, waved a kind God speed, as the "Ram," with a summer sky above and a summer sea beneath, ploughed her well-known furrow through the tranquil waters of the Queen of Seas. Five boilers were unable to curb the fiery speed of our unclad craft; eleven and twelve knots "without turning a hair," were reeled off, and the familiar land with its barren heights and cultivated valleys "passed in review in double time," as the chroniclers of military pageants would say. Almost too soon a Spanish pilot paid his respects, and with the silent courtesy of his profession, conducted us, on June 1st, for the second time this cruise, behind the great sea wall that renders the port of Barcelona the safest and most commodious harbor on the Mediterranean coast of Spain.

In population Barcelona is the second city in Spain, but in manufactures and commercial enterprise she is without a rival on the Peninsula. Tradition asserts that the city was founded by the father of Hannibal, and history assures us that it was one of the 300 towns that were counted in Spain during the golden days of Augustus. It is situated on a fertile and highly cultivated plain, between two rivers, and is about 315 miles northeast of Madrid. In the fifth century, when the sun of Rome was fast setting, the Goths made themselves masters of thriving Barcelona and kept forcible possession till the seventh century, when the Arabs stepped in. They in turn were dispossessed by the Christians, aided by Charlemagne. From that time Barcelona was governed by nobles, appointed by the great Carlovingian and his successors, till the twelfth century, when the yoke of the King of Aragon was imposed without the forfeiture of the love of independence and liberal institutions which had marked her amongst the cities of Europe.

Her citizens have ever been distinguished for their zeal and success in commercial enterprises. They wrested the commerce of the Levant from the Italians and initia'd the

policy of establishing factories and consuls in foreign countries, for the protection and security of trade. Liberal ideas have marched side by side with commercial prosperity, and proof has been given in our days that liberal and patriotic blood flows through all her veins. Many and severe have been her trials; she took a leading part in all national struggles.

At the beginning of this century, when the Imperial Dictator carried his eagles through Europe, his legions were frequently quartered in Barcelona. In 1821 the yellow fever carried off a fifth of the population, and in 1843 her revolt against Isabella was punished by a destructive bombardment. In 1820 her population was 120,000; in 1879 it was 216,000, and in 1881 she claims to have more commercial, educational, art, scientific and charitable institutions than any city in Spain except the capital.

As is our custom, we availed ourselves of the first opportunity to inspect the city, and were not long in obtaining the companionship of an intelligent English-speaking guide, who conducted us to the "Rambla," the famous promenade of Barcelona. It divides the new from the old city, and is only inferior to the boulevards of Paris. It is at least a mile in length and is lined with plane-trees; the centre or promenade is about forty-five feet wide, on each side of which is a carriage-way, including a tramway, then a broad sidewalk with magnificent buildings—hotels, cafes, restaurants and stores, such as are only to be seen in cities where wealth and civilization have set their seal.

The Cathedral is a very fine Gothic structure, from the towers of which a magnificent and comprehensive view of the city can be had. Within the edifice are many beautiful tombs, including that of St. Eulalie, A. D. 309, a statue of "the good knight Vilardell," many fine paintings, and some exquisite carving in the choir. The Church of Santa Maria del Mar is worth seeing, if only for the beauty of its stained glass. The library of San Juan is a handsome building, and we were told contained 40,000 volumes, also many rare coins and manuscripts. The Museo S. Salvador is rich with ancient and curious manuscripts, coins, marbles and has a priceless herbal. We visited all the other buildings of note and must compliment Barcelona for the possession of a

bourse, large and handsomely built, containing valuable pictures and fine statues. The Liceo Theatre is one of the largest in Europe and has accommodation for 5,000 persons. The bull-ring, which is in rear of the railroad terminus, is an immense affair, equal to 10 000 spectators. We were sorry to learn from our companion that the Archivo General de la Corona de Aragon in the old palace, containing the records of ten centuries, was destroyed by fire in 1875. The College of Santa Ana, A. D. 1146, and the Casa de la Diputacion are deserving of notice and should be seen by all visitors.

Looking at the city with a military eye, we could not fail to observe its admirable defences; besides walls, ditches and batteries surrounding it, there is a fort on the sea side, a fortress perched on the top of Monsjovis, known as the Citadel of Montjouich. This citadel is regarded with pride by the Barcelonese, and is a well-preserved monument to the memory of the chivalrous Earl of Peterborough who, with a small army of 7,000 undisciplined English, was sent by Queen Anne, in 1705, to aid the cause of the Archduke Charles of Austria, who claimed the Spanish throne. He captured Barcelona and carried the then considered impregnable fortress of Montjouich by assault, in the face of a vastly superior force. The narrative of his exploits reads like a volume of romance. With his little army he overran nearly the whole of Spain, outwitting his enemies by his quick and silent movements and defeating thousands of men with a mere handful. Spain has ever been famous for its pageants, and although—

“The age of chivalry is o’er,
With all its feudal sheen,”

holidays are frequent. We were unfortunate in not having an opportunity to see Barcelona in its holiday garb, as we had been assured that her citizens are as fond of displays as their ancestors were of the—

“Grand pageants
That adorned the days of old—
When stately dames, like queens, attended
Knights who wore the fleece of gold.”

A "fresh free breeze and brilliant sun and sky" marked our departure (June 8th) from the walled haven of Barcelona and promised such "a life on the ocean wave," for the few hours calculated to carry us to Marseilles, as would have suited the fair one who, in melodious numbers, sings "O for a soft and gentle wind." Our hopes were, however, nipped in the bud; scarcely an hour had elapsed from the time that the "Trenton" with all the majesty of conscious power, bade a haughty adieu to the frowning fortress of Montjouch, ere that blustering sailor, rude Boreas, found some work for our idle hands to do; indeed his temper was displayed in a manner we have not been accustomed to. Not content with blowing his offensive breath in our faces, he "spit the briny spray" in our very teeth, and altogether evinced such an utter disregard for our feelings, that some of our number took umbrage and sought the comparative privacy of a forward part of the gun-deck—where they freely indulged their spleen. They were not long, we must confess, in regaining a healthful calm that laughed at a miniature sea on the gun-deck, that unlike its parent, had a very perceptible tide, which should have been seen—but was not—by a couple of unwary berth-deck cooks, who permitted themselves to be deprived of the equilibrium that is the boast of their order, and— Well, we will only say, as other scribblers have said, "The result is more easily imagined than described." Our band made one or two attempts on the spar-deck to propitiate the enemy with music, that has often soothed our savage breasts. They were of no avail, and truth to tell one was nearly producing a disastrous result.

One of the instrumentalists, with cheeks puffed out, blowing a more ambitious note than his brethren, thoughtlessly faced the gale, and before he could remove his instrument, it treacherously conveyed a few hundred feet of wind within his person, which instantly assumed proportions that would, undoubtedly, have been attended by an explosion, had not one of his companions, observing his plight, at once separated the unfortunate man from an instrument that had gone back on him.

This was the most serious accident that had occurred, and as all things have an end, so had the stiff nor'wester.

It grew faint-hearted as we neared Marseilles, permitting us to enter that basined harbor on the 10th, where we tied up and rested till the 23d, when we took, what we hoped would be, a last look at the rich storehouse of France and returned to our usual berth at Villefranche on the same day.

Our mail orderly, Mr. G. R. Downes, has become quite an important personage. He is as modest and obliging as ever, although perfectly aware that his movements are followed, and that, when returning from his mission ashore, more than one

“Eye will mark his coming,
And grow brighter when he comes.”

On our arrival here he quickly jumped into his dinghy “and won the welcome sands,” returning with a load of mail that made the assurance of our departure for home early in the fall doubly sure.

We made great preparations to celebrate the historic Fourth of July. The caterers of messes nobly performed the duties of their office, and many a goodly haunch filled their ladders: On the eve of the Fourth, faces ablaze with anticipation of the morrow’s festivities lit up our decks.

Suddenly, like the meteor’s flash, the news was spread that a base, dastardly attempt had been made on the life of the President of the United States. “Independence Day” was forgotten in the sorrow and anger caused by the announcement! All hands anxiously waited for further intelligence. On the morning of the Fourth we received contradictory telegrams—one that the President was dead, and another that he was alive, but dangerously wounded. Under such circumstances our Captain decided to dispense with the outward decoration of the ship and the firing of the national salute.

On the gun-deck tables were, as usual, rigged and screened with bunting and everything calculated to satisfy and stimulate appetites faced “the boarders.” The day passed quietly, anxiety and sorrow for our President effectually preventing mirth. We were greatly relieved next morning by a telegram, stating that great hopes were entertained by the doctors in attendance, and that the President suffered little.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1881.



URRAH for the Fourth, the glorious Fourth,
The famous old Fourth of July.
In the East, in the West, and South and North,
They are proud of the Fourth of July.

Our stars are ascendant, wherever we go,
Not a cloud obscures the sky.
"Uncle Sam" once showed that it was "just so,"
On a celebrated Fourth of July.

We're a growing people, indeed we are;
In the days of the years gone by—
Friends and neighbors have come from near and afar
Who will keep up the Fourth of July.

Then success to the emblem that waves to the breeze
On our noble ship—so high—
"Stand by for a call;" in your own native seas
You will spend your next Fourth of July.

EARLY on the morning of the 5th we took our departure for Genoa, where we stayed six days, leaving on the 11th for Trieste, Austria. After a pleasant run of five days, during which we were treated to an expected night-quarters, we let go both anchors off the most important Austrian seaport and the most thriving in the Adriatic. We found an English squadron at anchor, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Paget Beauchamp Seymour, composed of five iron-clads, a gun-boat and dispatch-boat; the former included the "Thunderer" (monitor), "Superb," "Alexandria," "Temeraire," and "Invincible." We exchanged the usual courtesies, and the "Trenton" received many compliments from the British commanders, particularly for what they were pleased to term her "magnificent gun-deck." Our Admiral and Captain also paid their respects to officials ashore, and in return we were honored with visits from civic functionaries and the military commander of the district, the latter gentleman was an officer of high rank, and was accompanied by a brilliant staff, whose soldierly bearing excited admiration, and whose uniforms were simply dazzling; and if we say that they wore—

"Helmets gay with plumage torn from the pheasant's wings,
Belts set thick with starry gems that shone on Indian kings,"

we shall convey some little idea of their grandeur.

Trieste is situated at the head of a gulf of the same name in the Adriatic Sea. It was a city long before the Roman conquest, B. C. 179; it was fortified and surrounded with walls by Augustus when the Western Empire fell. It became a prey to the Astro-Goths, and after their expulsion fell under the dominion of the Greek Emperors till the period of the Lombard invasion. Later, Trieste became independent, and was ruled by its bishops, who sold the inhabitants the privileges of a free city. After long wars, in which Venice and Genoa took part, the treaty of Turin, in 1381, declared Trieste a free city. The following year the citizens voluntarily submitted to the house of Austria. In 1719 Charles VI. declared it a free city, and in 1750 Maria

Theresa made it a free port. It was taken by the French in 1797, and again in 1805, and formed part of the French Empire till 1814.

It is situated partly on a level plain and partly on the slopes of a hill that is crowned with a citadel. There is an old and new town, divided by a magnificent *corso* or avenue. There is little to attract the visitor in the old town; the streets are narrow, steep, zig-zag, and far from clean. The new town contains noble streets, squares with fountains, and many fine buildings. The environs are decidedly picturesque, the hillsides are dotted with beautiful villas, the limestone hills behind the city contain many caverns hung with stalactites that attract the tourist. The most remarkable buildings are the cathedral, founded in the fifth century,—it is in the Byzantine style, but has been injured by alterations made in the fourteenth century; the church of St. Anthony, erected in 1830; the Tegelsteum, a splendid modern edifice, comprising a bazaar, a fine concert and ball-room, the Exchange, the rooms of the Austrian Lloyds, and the Casino Tedesco, the old exchange, in which there is a statue of Leopold I., the Opera House and the theatres. There is a public library, containing 30,000 valuable books, also a botanic and other public gardens, and a magnificent grove of oaks on a steep hill, laid out in gravel walks.

There are several fine bands in Trieste, and musical entertainments are given in the public places every evening. Our band was invited to partake in a musical concert between the bands, and having obtained permission to play ashore, G. Satta, our talented composer and band director, determined to do or die—he didn't die, but *did* to the astonishment and delight of an immense gathering of the music-loving inhabitants of Trieste, who, as well as the judges, declared our band victorious. A couple of days previous to our departure, while a crew of apprentice boys were out practicing in the third cutter, an Austrian lap-streak gig, manned by eleven stalwart men and a coxswain, challenged them to a race to the shore and back to the Trenton, a distance of three miles. Our boys at once accepted, and a good start being effected, one of the finest races we have witnessed ensued. The Austrian had the best of it till the shore was reached, and the turn for home

made, when the third cutter gradually crept up, and half-way to the ship were level with their opponents. Now came the tug of war; both crews wired in, and one hundred yards from the "Trenton's" bows our boat was half a length ahead, which she increased to a length in the next fifty yards, and before the ship was reached led by two lengths. The Austrians now stopped pulling in token of defeat. All the advantages in this race were on the side of the oarsmen of Trieste, so that it was not surprising that quite an ovation awaited Messrs. M. Mullady, coxswain; H. Kepley, W. E. Halliday, W. Beck, J. Costello, W. J. Bigelow, Eli Fildes, J. H. Westfall, S. E. Mittler, M. O'Tcole, and C. T. Chase, our cutter's gallant crew, when they returned to the ship. Nothing further occurred during our stay at Trieste. We departed for Naples on the 25th, and came to an anchor in the bay, outside the breakwater, on the 29th. As we only remained a couple of days, we did not see much of the city. On Sunday, the 31st, we left for Leghorn, where we arrived August 1st, and remained till the 22d. During our stay we again welcomed on board Miss Wixom (La Nevada) and her father. Our shipmates, Edward Murphy and E. S. Root, begged her acceptance, on behalf of the crew, of a beautiful basket of rare flowers. In presenting it Mr. Root made a most appropriate little speech, to which our fair guest handsomely replied.

Our orders from the Department arrived, and we made the best of our way to Villefranche, where we buoyed on the 23d. We now began to take last views of headquarters and of Nice, enjoying ourselves perhaps better than on any previous occasion. Towards the latter end of August we learned officially that we should not carry home with us the distinguished French guests who were invited to take part in Yorktown's celebration.

On the 1st September the "Trenton Herald" was issued for the last time this cruise, closing a career of honorable usefulness. Our poetic pen contributed to the columns of the last number the following acrostic:

To the Editor of the "*Trenton Herald*."

Edward, we hear your famous little paper
Departs from "*Trenton's*" annals gracefully to-day.
We all shall miss its lively tone and matter,
And much lament that it should pass away.
Resolved we are to say a word at parting,
Descriptive of the praise that is your due.

Please to accept a friendly, loving greeting,
And kindest wishes from the "*Trenton's*" crew.
Until the little *Herald* loomed up brightly,
Long seemed the weeks and tedious were the days.

Dull facts were offered for discussion nightly,
Unsung remained some embryo poet's lays—
Flashed you upon us, and illumin'd the darkness,
Finding bright fancies of strange lands to tell—
You know that one and all of us do wish you well.

On the 7th September we departed from Villefranche for home, lustily cheered by the "*Quinnebaug*" and "*Nipsic*," and by the good folks ashore. In four days we arrived at Gibraltar, where we only remained a few days. We are timed to arrive in Hampton Roads early in October, and unless something should occur to upset our calculations, Yorktown's pageant will be graced by the presence of the "*Trenton*."

CONCLUSION.

Our duty is now, to the best of our ability, performed; for nearly five years the gallant "Trenton" has been our home. We saw her starry banner unfolded to the breeze on the 14th February, 1877. Since that day she has carried us to the majestic Tagus, where fair Lisbon "lifts to heaven her diadem of towers." To siege defying Gibraltar; to the fair white walls of Cadiz; Menorca's Isle and Barcelona's "Ramble." To the sheltered haven whose waters fringe with foam the shores of favored Nice, and laves the feet of the Maritime Alps. She has shown us the mysterious land of Egypt, where with Arab guides and ambling donkeys we have seen Pompey's Pillar, and surmounted the mounds of rubbish that mark the site of the "stately market place," reared by the great Macedonian. The

"Isles of Greece, Isles of Greece,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,"

have been visited, and Attica's plain traversed. Palermo, famed for its long ago bloody vespers, thriving Leghorn, Genoa the superb, and the once "rich mart of Pisa," have shown us their sights. We have seen the lava in molten tide flow down from sky towering Vesuvius, and have not felt inclined to die after seeing Naples. At a trifling expense we beheld resurrected Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have looked upon the chief mart of the Adriatic, and many of our shipmates have visited that home of art, Venice, where Ruskin says, "every stone is eloquent in the elegancies of iambics.

Our good ship has borne us to the parent land whose "blue crags beetle o'er the western sea," and guided by a cunning hand she has treaded the Scheldt from quaint Flushing to historic Antwerp, and has swept by the foam of the famed North Sea. We have seen all that is worth seeing in the old world, and shall return to our own dear land, carrying with us the memory of many a happy day

and many a pleasure that has lightened our long pilgrimage. There is a dull sameness in life on board a man-of-war that would be almost unendurable were it not for the sailors' ready inventiveness in the art of killing time. The crew of the "Trenton" are exceptionally lively and intelligent; many are the harmless amusements they have indulged in to pass the hours away. A liberal encouragement has always been given by our officers to pastimes calculated to promote cheerfulness and harmony. Our band of Snowflakes, skilfully directed by our tonsorial artist, C. A. Johnstone, have often convulsed us with laughter. Chess, backgammon, and other games have amused many whose days of wild youth are passed. The majority of our apprentices, and many others of the "Trenton's" crew have become accomplished athletes, especially Samuel Greenhood and James Robinson, to whom we are indebted for the introduction of an almost complete gymnasium, including horizontal bars, swinging rings, dumb-bells and boxing gloves. Our Band, morning and eve, has largely contributed to swell the sum of our pleasures.

To R'd Hahn, C. W. Philips, Wm. Cahill, Th's Gleason, Wm. Winchester, Ed. Murphy, M. Tinnahan, D. Shannahan and E. P. Duffy, is due all the credit of inaugurating the touching ceremony at Villefranche's great graveyard, that forms the brightest page in the "Trenton's" story. To our shipmates who labor where the dusky diamonds lie, the ram is indebted for much of the unmatched speed that has won for her an enviable reputation and enabled us on more than one occasion to laugh at calms.

All of us, especially those who have suffered from sickness, will ever remember with gratitude the kind sympathy and cheerful aid of our medical officers.

And now, with the memory of pleasant companionship and many a kindness crowding thick upon us we bid a hearty farewell to our shipmates, with many of whom, in years that are long gone by, we have sailed over distant seas. The pen whose rich imagery clothes with flowing robes our historic effort, will in the following lines convey more than this prosy pen is capable of.

FAREWELL.

And now, dear friends and readers,
We wish you all "Good-bye,"
We've done our best to please you,
And could do no more—than try.

To many a land we've brought you,
Of history and renown,
Still ruled in that old-fashioned way,
By king's imperial crown.

But none like dear America,
So fresh, and fair, and free—
A continent within itself—
Sweet land of liberty.

Where people represent themselves,
And have a voice on earth,
And peer and peasant are alike—
Each "citizen" at birth.

A few kind words we will address
Our Admiral, good and true.
We wish him well, when he shall don
"The mufti" for the blue.

May many a happy year be his,
When our good ship reaches shore,
And of the "Trenton" he will think,
Tho' he goes to sea no more.

All honor to our Captain,
Who watches o'er the deep,
When wind and waters midnight hold,
And the ocean's tossed in sleep.

And for our gallant Officers,
A word of praise we say,
They're all good-hearted sailors—
Each clever in his way.}

With some of them we've met before,
On China's sunny seas,
They've proved themselves, true gentlemen,
In calm as well as breeze.

Our gallant Crew, we wish that they
May find "all's well" at home,
That each and every one may meet
A blithe and glad welcome.

When the "Trenton" spreads her white wings,
And the firemen raise the steam,
We'll glide across the ocean
As though it were a dream.

'Till "Sandy Hook" appears in view,
Land of our mighty Main,
Let's shake hands, then, together boys—
For we are home again.

So now, kind friends, again adieu—
A last and long "Farewell"—
We leave our little story
Its own events to tell.



LIST OF OFFICERS AND CREW

OF THE

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP "TRENTON."

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN C. HOWELL,

Commanding U. S. Naval Force on the European Station.

PERSONAL STAFF:

Captain F. M. Ramsay, Chief of Staff,

Lieut. W. T. Burwell,

Lieut. W. H. Emory,

Ensign R. T. Mulligan,

Admiral Clerk Walter Dunstan.

Captain FRANCIS M. RAMSAY.

Lieut.-Comdr. C. V. Gridley, Executive Officer,

Lieut.-Comdr. T. A. Lyons, Navigator,

Lieut. W. W. Reisinger,

“ R. E. Carmody,

Lieut. W. Goodwin,

“ E. W. Remey,

Ensign, G. T. Emmons,

“ C. J. Boush,

“ L. K. Reynolds,

“ Benjamin Tappan,

“ DeWitt Coffman,

Cadet-Midshipman, H. G. Dresel,

“ L. S. Norton,

“ A. A. Ackerman,

“ P. D. Haskell,

“ Stokely Morgan,

“ Thos. A. Parke,

“ J. C. Drake.

Chief-Engineer, W. S. Stamm, Fleet Engineer.

Medical Inspector, J. C. Spear, Fleet Surgeon.

Pay Inspector, W. W. Williams, Fleet Paymaster.

Capt., P. C. Pope, U. S. M. C., Fleet Marine Officer.

P. A. Engineer, Benjamin F. Wood.

“ H. N. Stevenson,

P. A. Surgeon, D. N. Bertolette,

“ Lucian G. Heneberger.

First-Lieut., Richard Wallach, U. S. M. C.

Asst.-Engineer, F. H. Bailey.

“ W. B. Dunning.

Chief Pay Clerk, W. V. Moriarty.

Fleet Pay Clerk, A. E. Moriarty.

Boatswain, James Nash.

Gunner, William Carter.

Carpenter, John A. Dixon.

Sailmaker, Charles C. Freeman.

PETTY OFFICERS.

Master-at-Arms, Cornelius Moran.

Ship's Yeoman, John V. Fawcett.

Machinist, Charles H. Caldwell.

“ Michael W. Hennessy.

“ Thomas McGrath,

“ James M. Buzzo,

“ Wm. J. Chambers.

Engineer's Yeoman, Wm. W. Venable.

Apothecary, J. Lord Grahame.

Paymaster's Yeoman, Henry R. Warts.

Band Master, Gerardo Satta.

Schoolmaster, Chas. W. Morton.

Ship's Writer, Edward S. Root.

Boatswain's Mate, Wm. Winchester.

“ “ Michael Carroll.

“ “ Abram Crowther.

“ “ Abel Davis.

Gunner's Mate, Wm. Cahill.

“ “ Christian Behrens.

Carpenter's Mate, Joseph Easton.

“ “ Chas. W. Phillips.

Armorer, Antonio Williams.

Sailmaker's Mate, Thos. H. Gleason.

Signal Quartermaster, Michael Tennihan.

Cox. to Comd'r-in-Chief, Richard Hahn.

Captain of Forecastle, Frederick Law.

“ “ Peter Muller.

Quartermaster, Theodore Sorenson.

“ Alex. McLean.

“ Jas. M. Cunningham.

“ J. M. Lequellec.

Quarter Gunner, Wm. James.

“ James Quinn.

“ Michael Lewis.

“ Ivan Kotzebue.

“ Edward Murphy.

“ George Eaton.

“ Aug. Westerlink.

“ Bartley Fountain.

“ James M. Miller.

Cockswain, Joseph Lenihan.

“ John Smith, (2d).

“ Robert Kinchington.

“ John Schlae.

“ August Ohlensen.

“ Rybert Hayes.

Capt. of Main Top, Alex. Will.

“ “ George Derrick.

“ Fore Top, Daniel Shanahan.

“ “ Edward Fogarty.

“ Mizzen Top, Peter Smith.

“ “ John Bradley.

“ Afterguard, Wm. Burns.

“ “ Wm. S. Lord.

Coppersmith, George F. Lasher.

Painter (1st Class), Patrick Hoolihan.

“ (2d “), R. Smith Lee.

Cooper, Anthony Gurrie.
 Armorer's Mate, John H. Heath.
 Ship's Corporal, Thos. F. Cassidy.
 " Patrick Baggott.
 Captain of Hold, Daniel S. Milleken.
 " " John Edwards.
 Ship's Cook, Fred'k Kleish.
 " Baker, Chas. M. Smith.
 " Tailor, Daniel McLean.
 " Printer, Edward P. Duffy.
 Admiral's Steward, Bandecchi Serafino.
 " Cook, Ottogalli Zules.
 Cabin Steward, Ferdinand Benassi.
 " Cook, Egisto Arsell.
 Wardroom Steward, Justice Piche.
 " Cook, Louis L. Dubouchett.
 Bugler, Pasquale Serpico.

RATED MEN.

Steerage Steward, Jas. E. Snell.
 " " Claude Sicard.
 " Cook, Guiseppe Manfreddi.
 " " Dominae Carboni.
 Warrant Officer's Steward, Edgar Applewhaite.
 " " Cook, Samuel P. Belmore.
 Carpenters and Calkers, Daniel O'Mahoney,
 James Keegan,

Carpenters and Calkers, Michael Conners,
Edward E. Ross,
Frank Tramp,
Wm. A. Paulsen.

Jack of the Dust, Thomas Morris.

Bayman, Horace Kimball.

“ John W. Madden.

S E A M E N .

Journey Armstrong,,	Robert C. Joynes,
Charles Boy,	Charles Kelly,
John Barry,	John Losh,
Charles Brown,	George Lovett,
William Brown,	Thos. Lake,
Wm. A. Coffin,	Alfred Lindguist,
Henry Courtney,	Phillip Moore,
Vincent Daniels,	Frederick Matz,
George Dwyer,	Isaiah McPherson,
John Doane,	William Marton,
John Doyle,	Oli Nilsson,
Thomas Duncan,	Wm. C. Nichols,
Chas. J. Douglass,	Wm. J. Nickles,
Frank Detbaur,	John Nelsson,
James M. Foster,	Michael O'Neil, (1st.),
Vincenzo Fulinzo,	Jans J. Olessen,
Samuel Fox,	Edward F. Peterson,
Nicolo Fito,	Adolph Paulsen,
Harry Gilbert,	Frederick Reitz,
Ernest Gurke,	John Russell,
Alfred G. Hanson,	Alex. Rigot,
John J. Heary,	George Robertson,
Thos. J. Hall,	John Saunders,
Oran Hogan,	Benjamin Smith,
James Horton,	Christian Scheide,
Robert Jackson,	Edward Sundstrom.
Edmund A. Johnson,	Wm. Skoble,
Charles Judine,	Alex. Turvelin,
John Johnson,	Thomas Williams,
	James Walsh.

FIRST-CLASS FIREMEN.

Frank Barrett,	John McNeal,
Thomas Craven,	Jeremiah Murphy,
Andrew Devaney,	Patrick McAnulty,
Patrick Ferry,	George B. McLeod,
Wm. Flannery,	Thomas Owens,
Henry Hamilton,	Thos. G. Shaw,
John Hagerty,	Andrew Spain,
Frank Watt.	

SECOND CLASS FIREMEN.

John Brown,	Thos. R. Jones,
John Brederick,	James G. McClellan,
John Charleswood,	Wm. O. Daniels,
Thos. Cohen,	Geoge Tofts,
Thos. Colgan.	John F. Wagner,
Morris Golden,	Wm. Watt,
Stephen J. Hewlett,	John Wichman,
John Zwengel.	

ORDINARY SEAMEN.

John Alin,	Henry Joost,
John Anderson,	John Kenafick,
Harry Alkquist,	Dennis Lane,
Axel O. Anderson,	Chas. Le Branc,

Alfred Almond,	Ernest L. Loesnitz,
Wm. Adair,	John W. Lang,
Thos. Anderson,	John T. Lynch,
James Barnett,	Peter Monsen,
Oswald Bradley,	Louis Morris,
Edward Barry,	John Montey,
Fred'k Baggeson,	Andrew Meehan,
Michael Brady,	John McDonald,
Thos. Butler,	John McMillen,
Herman C. C. Boetzins,	Lars Martinssen,
John Carr,	Thos. Nesbitt,
George Curtis,	John T. Pargen,
John Christio,	Hans Paulsen,
Wm. J. Catter,	Alfred Rydgren.
Michael Conner,	Edmund Rydings,
James Casey,	Wm. H. Shapland,
John Davis,	John Smith, (1st),
Denis Doherty,	Florence Sullivan,
John Forrest,	Andrew Smith,
Walter Grahame,	Carl J. Schweeder,
Samuel Greenhood,	Wm. Sherwood,
Henry Grieve,	Oluf Svensden,
John Hughes,	Chas. A. Samuelson,
Wm. G. Hanson,	Fred'k Smart,
Wm. S. Hinton,	Chas. A. Lundquist,
Frank H. Hall,	Wm. B. Thirlpape,
Aug. P. Haselar,	Peter Thompson,
James Jones,	Andrew Thompson,
Chas. A. Johnstone, Barber,	Franz Van Haewart,
Gerardo Jardine,	Chris. Wilson,

(ORD. SEA.) APPRENTICES.

John Baker,	Wm. E. Halliday,
J. T. Bosworth,	John J. Harkin,
Wm. J. Bigelow,	Wm. G. Harmon,
C. O. Brown,	Thos. M. Johnson,
Wm. B. Beck,	James M. Kelly,
Louis Brogelman,	Joseph Krank,
Wm. E. Coman,	Harry Kepeley,
Chas. T. Chase,	Samuel Logan,
Eugene F. Chavre,	Jeremiah F. Lyons,
George Christie,	William Marr,
John Costello,	Samuel E. Mettler,
David Cobb,	Patrick Mullady,
Emil Clair, Jr.,	Wm. J. McCarthy,
John Collins,	Wm. S. Myers,
Daniel J. Donovan,	Patrick McNamara,
Alfred F. Decker,	Michael O'Toole,
Chas. H. Edwards,	James Robinson,
Henry H. Fullam,	Daniel Ruddiman,
Eli Fildes,	Joseph E. Sager,
Henry B. Fagnani,	Harry Stoetzel,
Michael J. Flynn,	Charles Tomelson,
Samuel W. Gardner,	Charles Thompson,
Arthur R. Genung,	J. E. Taylor,
Henry Grant,	Frank Vonderlin,
John J. Glynn,	John H. Westfall,
John P. Grace,	George F. Woods,

LANDSMEN.

Louis H. Bell,	Victor R. Lyle,
Fred'k Burbridge,	Chas. H. Mulligan,
Hamilcar Bardy,	Alex. C. Morgenson,
Jean Chenchi,	Wm. Murphy,
James Dennis,	John McLean,
Samuel Davage,	John Mahoney,
Wm. Earle,	Vincenzo Mantegazzi,
John Grant,	Michael O'Neil (2d),
Wm. R. Garrity,	Joseph Padmore,
Antonio Gabbianni,	Aaron Porter,
Erasmus Giordano,	John Ross,
Paul Haley,	Fredk. Stewart,
Chas. H. Hill,	Wm. J. Sanford,
Wm. Hill,	Harry Sinclair,
C. C. Hansen,	C. B. Van Rompaey,
Louis Janssen,	Jean Simondi.

MESSENGERS.

Abram Clegg,	Joseph D. Driscoll,
John F. Dugan,	Robert Laybourn.

LANDSMEN, (E. F.).

Alfred Bergstrom,	John Leck,
Edward J. Butler,	James J. Mansfield,
August Bumann,	Samuel C. Munyon,

Victor Emanuel,
Ernest Englebrast,
George Godden,
Giuseppe Hencie,
Samuel Jonas,
Robert Jonas,
Carl Jacobson,
John Lewis,
Richard Lussack,

Peter Pirins,
Matthew Redmond,
Wm. S. S. Smith,
Charles Schumann,
Thos. H. Simmons,
Thos. Sullivan,
John F. Tobin,
Wm. Thomas,
John Wall,
Wm. Whelan.

B A N D.

David Bellucci,
Nicola Cinque,
Nicolo Cambini,
Adolph Comerio,
Peter De Silva,
Liugi De Falco,
Joseph De Falco,
Alfred Forgano,
Francis Giaume,
Giuseppe Grilletto,
G. Lionelli,

Giuseppe Mariondo,
Thomas Molino,
Paolo Menardi,
Giuseppe Migliaccio,
Lamberto Nevi,
Efisio Parcedda,
Ernest Rouchini,
Giovanni Savasta,
T. Tramonti,
Achille Vignoli,
F. Zuccola,

MARINE GUARD.

Orderly Sergeant, Cyrus Hoyer.

Sergeant, James Magee,

“ Alfred A. Laverty.

Corporal, C. C. Brink,

“ J. D. Gilbert,

“ Frank E. Jackson,

“ George McNamara,

“ Richard Shinn,

“ Cornelius Whelton.

Admiral's Orderly, Wm. F. Burke,

“ “ James Gallagher,

“ “ Wm. H. Neilsen,

“ “ R. E. Prichard.

Captain's “ Jos. E. Beckhaus,

“ “ John W. Conroy,

“ “ J. B. Murphy,

“ “ Chas. P. Smith.

Mail “ George R. Downs.

Drummer, Phillip Quinn.

Fifer, W. J. Walsh.

 PRIVATES.

Andrew J. Brady,

Charles Bourquin,

George H. Berry,

Benjamin Burnett,

John Mulligan,

Robert Mulcahy,

Thos. McNally,

John L. Orth,

John Curtin,
Daniel P. Conklin,
L. W. Deuseritt,
Henry Eden,
James Q. Farley,
Jules Garnier,
H. M. Hoffman,
Gottlieb Iehle,
Merville Locke,
Thos. Landy,

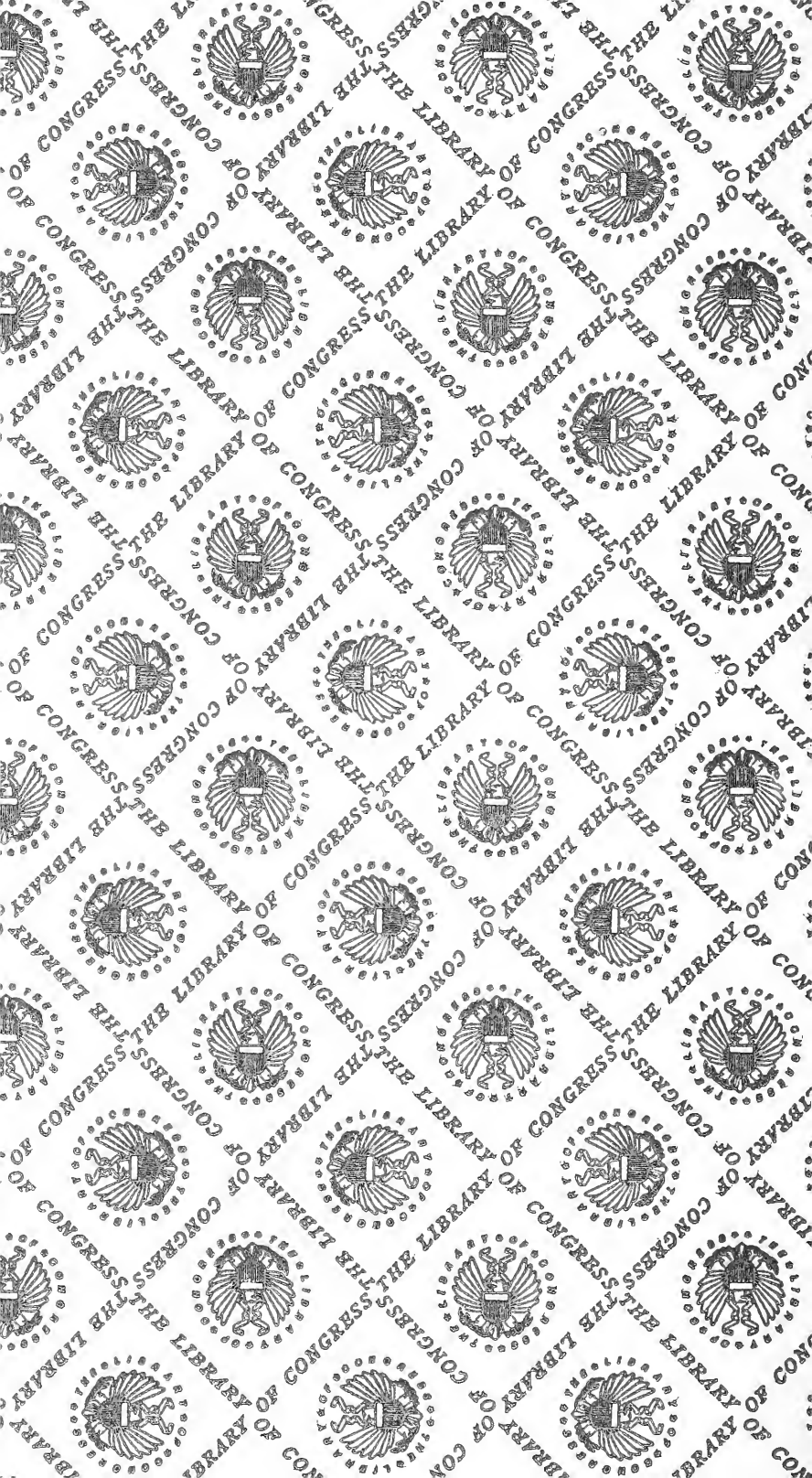
A. H. Ordway,
James A. Parsons,
John Reagan,
Edward Russell,
George Seymour,
Wm. Spellman,
Francis M. Snyder,
H. B. Wilhelm,
Wm. Wright,
John Weber,

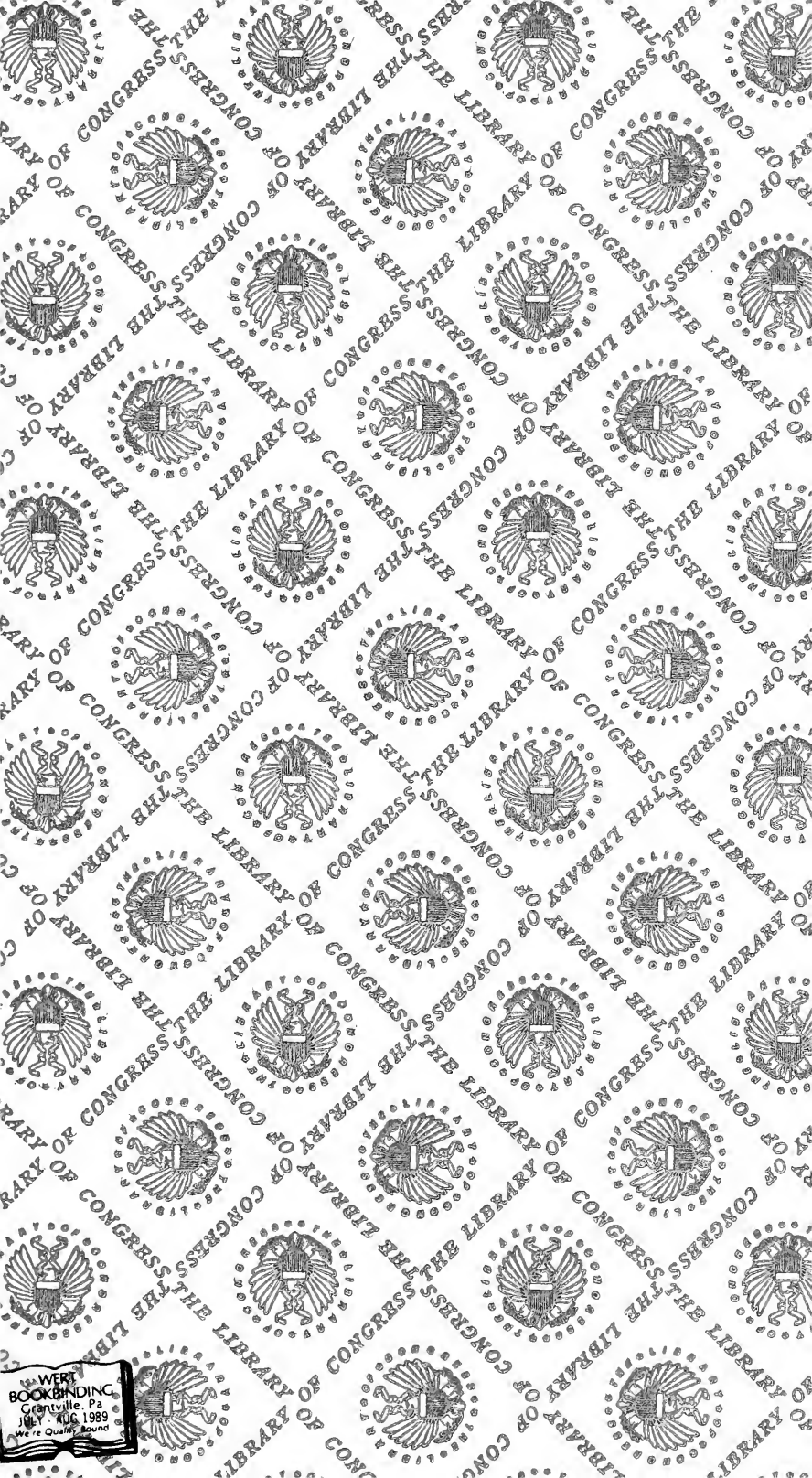
Hiram Hitchard.

LIST OF PORTS VISITED BY THE "TRENTON" DURING
HER SECOND CRUISE.

Port	Country.	Knots	Arrival.	Departure.
Gibraltar . . .	Spain	13 Dec., 1879
Barcelona . . .	" . . .	496	16 Dec., 1879	18 " "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	277	19 " "	20 Jan., 1880
Port Mahon . .	Island Minorca (Spain) . . .	258	21 Jan., 1880	2 Feb., "
Toulon . . .	France . . .	194	3 Feb., "	26 " "
Villefranche . .	" . . .	105	27 " "	3 April, "
Naples . . .	Italy . . .	370	4 April, "	10 " "
Alexandria . . .	Egypt . . .	973	15 " "	24 " "
Smyrna . . .	Turkey in Asia	558	27 " "	5 May, "
Tenedos . . .	Island, Turkey in Asia . . .	124	6 May, "	11 " "
Chanak Kelessi .	Dardanelles, Turkey in Asia	24	11 " "	13 " "
Piræus (Athens).	Greece . . .	206	14 " "	18 " "
Palermo . . .	Island of Sicily	596	20 " "	23 " "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	407	25 " "	6 June, "
Marseilles . . .	" . . .	122	7 June, "	13 " "
Gibraltar . . .	Spain . . .	670	16 " "	17 " "
Deal . . .	England . . .	1,200	29 " "	30 " "
Flushing . . .	Holland . . .	84	1 July, "	5 July, "
Antwerp . . .	Belgium . . .	40	5 " "	24 " "
Flushing . . .	Holland . . .	40	24 " "	26 " "
Gravesend . . .	England . . .	74	26 " "	15 Aug., "
Cowes . . .	" . . .	135 {	15 " "	16 " "
Southampton . .	" . . .		16 " "	25 " "
Gibraltar . . .	Spain . . .		1,280 3 Sept., "	3 Sept., "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	771	4 " "	12 " "
Leghorn . . .	Italy . . .	131	13 " "	19 " "
Genoa . . .	" . . .	76	20 " "	24 " "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	83	24 " "	28 " "
Marseilles . . .	" . . .	111	29 " "	31 Oct., "
Villefranche . .	" . . .	122	31 Oct., "	9 Nov., "
Naples . . .	Italy . . .	380	11 Nov., "	27 " "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	367	28 " "	13 Feb., 1881
Toulon . . .	" . . .	194	14 Feb., 1881	21 " "
Villefranche . .	" . . .	194	21 " "	5 Mar., "
Leghorn . . .	Italy . . .	131	6 Mar., "	20 " "
Genoa . . .	" . . .	76	21 " "	5 April, "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	83	6 April, "	14 " "
Port Mahon . .	Island Minorca (Spain) . . .	258	15 " "	26 " "
Castellamare . .	Italy . . .	498	29 " "	13 May, "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	382	15 May, "	31 " "
Barcelona . . .	Spain . . .	277	1 June, "	8 June, "
Marseilles . . .	France . . .	152	10 " "	23 " "
Villefranche . .	" . . .	122	23 " "	5 July, "
Genoa . . .	Italy . . .	83	5 July, "	11 " "
Trieste . . .	Austria . . .	1,129	16 " "	25 " "
Naples . . .	Italy . . .	807	29 " "	31 " "
Leghorn . . .	" . . .	273	1 Aug., "	22 Aug., "
Villefranche . .	France . . .	131	23 " "	18 Sept., "







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